

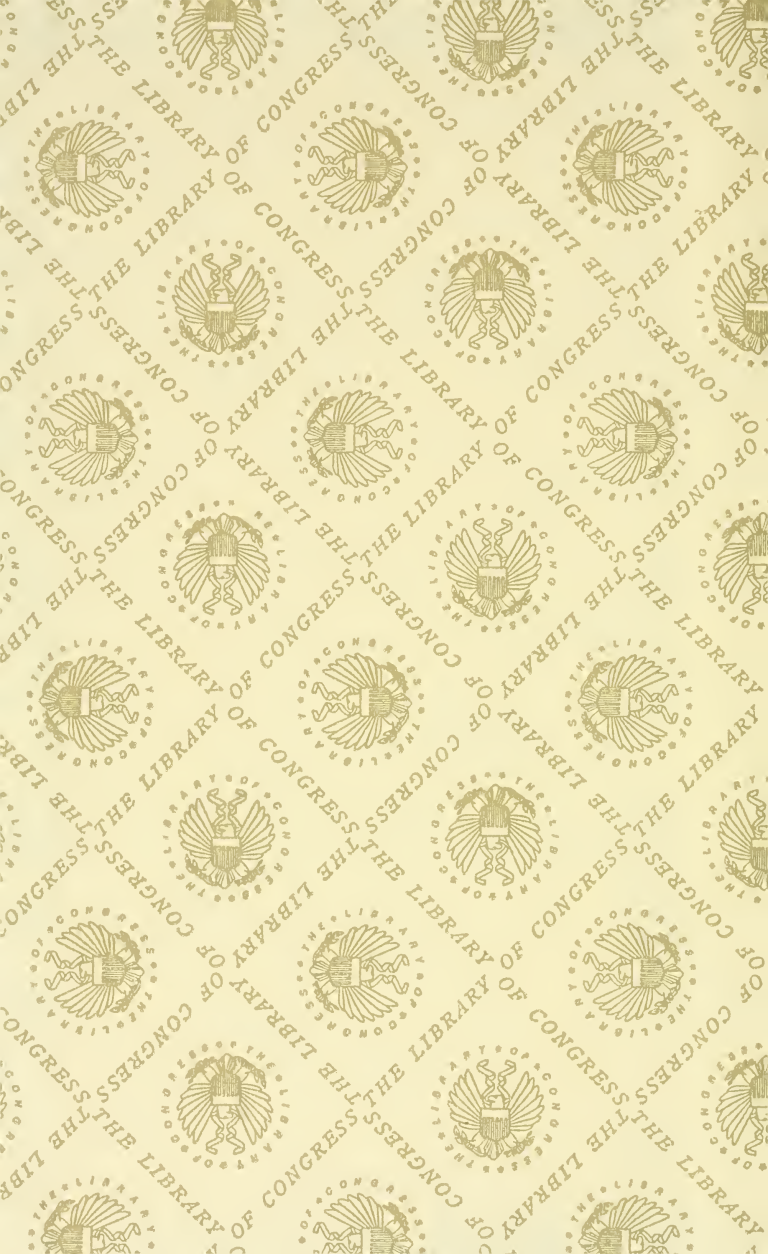
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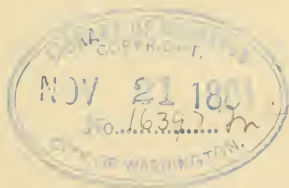
COME FOR ARBUTUS,

AND

OTHER WILD BLOOM.

BY

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.



PHILADELPHIA:  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1882.

1881

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TO

MY TENDERLY BELOVED AND REVERENCED FRIEND,

JOHN G. WHITTIER,

WHO HAS KINDLY STOOPED TO LIFT AN OCCASIONAL WILD BLOOM,

I HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY OFFER THIS

PALE TOKEN OF SPRINGTIME.

CAMBRIA STATION, PA., 1881.



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## COME FOR ARBUTUS.

COME for arbutus, my dear, my dear ;  
The pink waxen blossoms are waking, I hear ;  
We'll gather an armful of fragrant wild cheer.  
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,  
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear ;  
Come through the gray meadow, and pass the black  
weir,  
To brown-margined forest, and part the leaves sere.  
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,  
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear ;  
We'll gather the first virgin bloom of the year,  
The blush of spring kisses with coral lips near.  
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,  
Come for arbutus, my dear.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO JOHN G. WHITTIER ON THE DEATH OF HIS  
FRIEND CHARLES SUMNER.

THE tree of liberty hath blossomed, borne, and shed its  
fruit.

Long waxed the time to thee and thy colaborer ere  
'twould root.

Unto your earnest, tender lives our land deep debtor is,  
That it survived to blossom-time and fruitage, thine  
and his.

Together did you labor, yet apart, with single strength,  
Upholding, nurturing, and fostering it a weary length  
Of years, until it grew to fulness, and the fruit was ripe.  
The nation clashed, and in a conflict dire shook it; the  
type

Was good, and freedom-apples, blood-laved, lay about  
our feet,

Rich to the harvest, juicy with justice, in perfect seed  
replete.

'Twas not the way thou hadst preferred, or he, to strip  
the tree,

But for the gatherers' sins they needs must suffering feel,  
and see

The thorns upon the boughs of liberty, ere they could  
strow

And recognize the freedom-fruit. 'Twas not for all to  
know



Its mellow fulness as thou didst, and he ; athrough dull  
air

The blindfold, striving populace near harvests unaware,  
And count them valueless, until a clearer sight discerns  
And estimates their worth. Our seers are rare. To  
sorrow turns

Our pride, as man and Nature whisper, with a bated  
breath,

“In the mid-afternoon of labor Sumner’s kissed of  
death.”

Dear friend, compatriot of thine, colaborer in the cause  
Of right, scarred by the enemy of tree and fruit and laws  
In ’56, he pauseth now ; the timepiece fails to run ;  
Stilled is the great heart’s ticking, hearkening to the  
Lord’s “well done.”

The sweets of recompense and light to him ; to us the  
pall.

Tear-veiled is our submission, but we see God’s love  
through all.

O’ershadowed by the blessing of your grand and  
earnest lives,

The incense of a nation’s peace with thanks perfumes  
the skies,

And, parting from him, clasp we thee closer,—ah, closer  
still !

Our rarely pure interpreter, song-servant of Christ’s will !  
Fondly we kiss thy folded wings, and prayerful is our  
touch.

Linger for aye, our best beloved ! sore is our need of  
such.

March 17, 1874.

## A B U R I A L O D E\*

FOR BAYARD TAYLOR.

Sung as a part of his funeral services at Longwood Cemetery,  
March 15, 1879.

EMPTY the casket, the caged bird outflown ;  
Back again, back again, earth, take thy own !  
Thou who didst give it thy fairest of clay,  
Clasp thy arms tenderly, fold it away.

Fold it away ; for the loved one has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

Carried most lovingly over the sea,  
Bring we our offering, Longwood, to thee ;  
Wanderings over, and full garlands won,  
Reverently bring we the dust of thy son.

Fold it away ; for the great soul has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

Leave as our treasures his life and his songs ;  
Take in thy keeping what to thee belongs ;  
Take the wayfarer's inn, God has taken the guest,  
Ours are the memories,—thine is the rest.

Fold it away ; for the singer has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

---

\* Set to music by J. R. Sweney, M.B.

Back again, back again, earth unto earth !  
Cradle his slumbers who cradled his birth ;  
Take the form tenderly close to thy breast,  
Gather it lovingly home to its rest.

Fold it away ; for the tenant has fled.

Fold it away ; for our hero is dead.

---

### LUCRETIA MOTT.

AND she is dead whose life was rich  
In labor and in years :  
She lays her earthly clothing off,  
We fold it by with tears !

An early laborer in the field,  
She labored long and late  
With hand unsparing to increase  
Freedom and Truth's estate.

She chose no paths of summer ease,  
Where velvet poppies sway,  
And soft winds blow, and leaf and flower  
Shut out the heat of day.

Hers was the strait and narrow way,  
The furrow of the Lord,  
Wherein in helping weaker ones  
She found her sweet reward.

She sowed and tilled and harvested  
God's fields in sun and rain ;  
Of freedom, temperance, and peace  
She reaped the perfect grain.

On Duty's way are ever thorns,  
That pierce when pushed aside ;  
But souls like hers have conscience' balm  
To heal the wounds they hide.

So true, so strong, such souls as hers  
In numbers are denied :  
The world is richer that she lived,  
And poorer that she died.

And now her garment, needed not,  
With autumn's leaves we fold,  
And through the Indian summer's mist  
Her risen self behold.

The memory of her worth shall live  
Through ages yet unspent ;  
The grateful love of human hearts  
Shall be her monument !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SWEET and wonderful singer,  
Musical singer and free,  
Sultan of song, retaining  
Parizaday's bird and tree.

Sweet and wonderful singer,  
Wonderful singer of ours !  
"Singing leaves" sweep thy dial,  
The signs of thy years are flowers.

Sweet and wonderful singer,  
Wonderful singer and sweet,  
The notes we faintly whisper  
Thy full voice rounds complete.

Sweet and wonderful singer,  
Beautiful singer and fair,  
Angels have laid white lilies  
Upon thy beard and hair.

Sweet and wonderful singer,  
Wonderful singer and great,  
The world with rose and pansy  
Garlands thy Cambridge gate.

Sweet and wonderful singer,  
Faultless singer and rare,  
To thee our wild-flower's tendrils  
Reach out the New Year's prayer.

Sweet and wonderful singer,  
Wonderful singer and sweet !  
O most our wind-blown blossoms  
Are a carpet for thy feet.

January, 1880.

---

## OCTOBER.

A PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF THE STOLEN ROSS CHILD.

BRIGHT blush the flowers of October,  
Banners aloft wax red,  
The full-blown hopes of summer  
Are strung on crimson thread.

The white and the pink of daylight  
Have caught the sunset hue,  
And the evening of the season  
Weeps gold instead of dew.

Bearer of beauty, October,  
Clad in radiant bloom !  
Summer's sunset gate-keeper !  
Light by thy smile our gloom.

Day hath been crowded with sorrow ;  
The country's heart beats sad ;  
By thy mellowing light, October,  
Lead back the infant lad !

The arms are weary with waiting  
The parents fond outreach,  
And their anxious souls are aching  
For Charlie's touch and speech.

The nation with love maternal  
Longs fain to clasp the child  
And ring from her bells heart-gladness  
'Through all the autumn mild.

Our prayers we thread, October,  
Amid thy beads of gold,—  
Prayers that the fair-haired darling  
Return to love's stronghold.

Our prayers we rest, October,  
About thy nut-brown feet,  
And float them to thy flag-staffs,  
That they may angels meet.

Dear Lord, and omnipresent,  
Sinking the summer sun,  
Who gavest the scarlet October  
The banner, " Day is done,"

Bend closer Thy ear, we pray thee,  
And hear our burdened song :  
Return through the bright October  
The child we have waited long !

IN MEMORY OF THE TWO HUN-  
DRED AND SEVENTY-ONE.

BURNED IN BROOKLYN THEATRE, DECEMBER 5, 1876.

Up from the flames and smoke,  
Up rose a trembling wail ;  
The cords of bondage broke ;  
Courage was no avail.  
Fire, the unappeaséd king,  
Made a mighty offering.

Crash ! and the blazing pit  
Caught, clasped the empty dust,  
Hurriedly buried it,  
Blind to the precious trust.  
Fire, the unloosed rebel king,  
Made a midnight offering.

Where rose the trembling wail,  
Hushed at a single breath,  
Stoutest of stout hearts quail,  
Nameless the chars of death.  
Fire, the unrelenting king,  
Near three hundred offering.

Sightless beyond recall—  
Freed souls, the incense grand



Burst from the hellish thrall,  
Curled from the blackening brand.  
Fire, the terror-smiting king,  
Made a mighty offering.

Up from the flames and smoke,  
Up rose the incense pure ;  
An angel sentry spoke,  
“ High air is more secure.”  
God, the great, eternal King,  
Took the fire-king's offering.

---

## WILLIAM W. FELL,

DIED AT BUCKINGHAM, PENNSYLVANIA, JANUARY 4, 1874.

AN echo new is on the stair,  
A halo fresh pervades the air ;  
The golden trail that angels trod  
Our friend has followed up to God.

His laurels starred with morning dew,  
Green laurels as are worn by few,  
The cherubs lifted from his head,  
And fairer crowning gave instead.

We hush our hearts that we may hear  
His distant footfall firm and clear !  
We near the stairway's lowest round,  
And sweetest memory flowers abound !

Baptized in truth is every bloom,  
And earnestness is their perfume ;  
Our frailty dare not garland them,  
Or touch the angel's garment-hem.

To those who loved him, God alone  
Can make His great compassion known !  
The darkest clouds of sorrow's hour  
Have amber linings of His power.

He paints the rainbow through the rain,  
And purifies our souls with pain !  
He calms the Winter into Spring,  
And gives the humblest prayer a wing.

He loves us all, and soon or late  
Will grief and partings terminate,  
Enfold us in the mantle free  
That Christ outspread on Galilee.

---

### THE VILLE - DE - HAVRE.

WHEN the Ville-de-Havre sailed out from port,  
She sailed right merrily ;  
Little she thought to meet Loch Earn  
In the wintry waste of sea.  
But the ashen mists of night came down,  
And no head-lights saw she,  
When a vessel crashed against her side  
And sped on the foaming sea.

'Twas the dash of death, for the waters leaped  
Through her broken starboard wild ;  
The strong men sprang from soft warm berths ;  
The mother clasped her child.  
The passengers, crew, and stowaways  
Upon the deck were piled :  
To the hopelessness of such a fate  
They could not be reconciled.

The air was heavy with prayers and shrieks,  
But the hungry sea heard not ;  
A gurgling gulp, and the Ville-de-Havre  
Slept in a pearly grot.  
Of forms, two hundred and more went down :  
Ah ! who has e'er forgot  
The fearful night and the darker days  
That followed the dread allot ?—

The days when the ocean voice came home  
Into the hearts of men,  
And hushed them dumb with its thundering tones ;  
Gloomy the air was then.  
The land that was sunny and bright before  
Seemed only a dismal fen,  
And the lingering knell of the cruel sea  
Its only denizen.

Cruel and cold is the ocean depth  
Where coral blossoms blow ;  
Cruel and cold was your stern, Loch Earn,  
To gore the vessel so !  
Cruel and cold was the winter night  
To let the life-blood flow ;

*A CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

And, Ville-de-Havre, so cruel and cold  
Were the waves to shroud you so !

Oh, cruel and cold is the great salt sea !  
And full of nameless graves,  
Of forms in its depth, and hearts on land,  
O'er which the water laves ;  
Cruel its columns of frosted foam,  
Cruel its thundering waves,  
Cruel the open, gulping space  
Under its architraves.

Sleep, Ville-de-Havre, a dreamless sleep !  
Your freight is in the skies ;  
A thousand deaths and a thousand seas  
The strength of God defies.  
The mermaids trail a wreath for you  
As the billows fall and rise ;  
The angels stretched their saving rope,  
Your crew's in Paradise.

---

*A CHRISTMAS HYMN.\**

CHRISTMAS ! Christmas !  
Christ was born in Bethlehem.  
Christmas ! Christmas !  
Time's outshining diadem.  
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !  
Christ was born in Bethlehem.  
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !  
Sin's eternal requiem.

---

\* Set to music by Prof. Thos. O'Neil.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Banquet-time of love and prayer.

Christmas ! Christmas !

God prevaiileth everywhere.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Sin's eternal requiem.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Swell our praise-notes louder, higher.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Till they reach the angel choir.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Sin's eternal requiem.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Lord, our notes would reach to Thee !

Christmas ! Christmas !

Christ was sent to set us free.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Sin's eternal requiem.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Golden milestone of the years.

Christmas ! Christmas !

Gratitude, and joy, and tears.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !  
Christ was born in Bethlehem.  
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !  
Sin's eternal requiem.

---

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

## THE OLD YEAR.

THE old year is dying. The night-winds are sighing  
And chanting farewell ;  
Sweet psalms of their singing are lingeringly clinging  
To mountain and dell ;  
They mournfully echo a bated farewell,—  
Farewell, farewell.

Chill moonlight is falling round his couch, appalling  
The watchers with fear ;  
Afar the stars glimmer, grow fainter and dimmer,  
As slow breathes the year ;  
Clouds pitiful veil them while shedding a tear.  
Farewell, farewell.

The sun's face is hidden, his great palms unbidden  
Uprise with his grief ;  
It is dark, it is cold ; there's no flower on the wold  
To whisper relief ;  
The ragged fringed grass sighs, in half unbelief,  
Farewell, farewell.

The birds have forsaken the north-land, and taken  
The warmth on their wings,  
The song and the gladness ; left silence and sadness  
That voiceless night brings.  
A dirge on the pine-tree's æolian strings,—  
Farewell, farewell.

His friends all departed, he dies broken-hearted,  
The year we have blessed ;  
No warmth to restore him, no bloom to strew o'er him,  
He pants for his rest ;  
A fluttering struggle ! there's peace in his breast,—  
Farewell, farewell.

Farewell, moans the ocean, with trembling emotion,  
Forever farewell.  
Fond human caresses cling to his white tresses  
As low tolls the knell.  
'Tired, lost friend of mankind, we weep thy farewell,  
Farewell, farewell.

## THE NEW YEAR.

The new, new year is born, is born !  
The midnight lea breaks into morn.  
Joy, with her train of downy glow,  
Spreads the reception-room with snow ;  
Carpet of ermine, soft and fair,  
Mystical sprites have fitted there.

The new, new year is born, is born !  
His castle-walls with pearl adorn !

Each niche uncouth obscure from sight  
By imagery of chrysolite.  
Call him a choir of warblers free,  
That he may give of song the key.

The new, new year is born, is born !  
Waken, daffodil, blow your horn !  
Waken, hyacinth, blushing sweet !  
Blue-bell, come from your brown retreat,  
To ring and ring the gladsome news  
Into the heart of rosy dew.

The new, new year is born, is born  
To goodly heritage this morn !  
The amber land, translucent seas,  
The fierce north wind, the velvet breeze,  
The silver mist, the spangled sky,  
Their full obeisance signify.

The new, new year is born, is born !  
The regal king of vine and corn.  
He wakes in realm of eider-down ;  
The sun will drop a golden crown  
On to his floating, crinkled hair ;  
Crown him monarch of everywhere.



S U E.

FRIEND of mine with raven tresses !  
Friend, whom fifteen years' sod presses,

Yet friend whom fifteen times fifteen  
Cannot press from my soul, I ween,

To-day the purple harebells swing,  
Vines to the river's moss-edge cling,

The oak and the maple interlace,  
The shadows dance with a winsome grace

Across the rock, as they used to do  
When its brown height was crowned by two.

Raven tresses and soul of snow,  
Memory ever enshrines you so.

How we wandered, a blinded band,  
To the border of the death-land.

Forty and more we numbered o'er  
On the verge of the mist-clad shore.

Pitiful cries and tender care  
Drew some back as we halted there ;

Lingeringly I returned, while you  
Passed the shadowy river through.

Parted, and yet not parted, we  
Journey still half in company.

Raven tress in my hand I hold,  
Fashioned a brooch and bound with gold,—

A link that binds the pure white soul  
Close unto mine while ages roll.

Rivers may flow, and harebells swing,  
Forests their verdure lose and bring,

Here, on the brown rock kissed of sun,  
Sit I, forgetting what Time has done,

Sue and I, together,—apart,—  
The love of soul for the love of heart.

---

## A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A PURE white lily adorns the land,  
Unsoiled its petals as though God's hand  
Brushed tenderly off the dust of years  
And bathed its heart in rainbow tears.

Arrows of gold on its stamens lay,  
Arrows of gold, as though 'twas May.

The pollen falls from the stamens' tips  
Softly down on the violets' lips ;  
Violets old and violets new  
Rejoicing are that the lily grew.  
    Arrows of gold so lightly sway,  
    Arrows of gold the darkest day.

Proud of the lily we violets be  
That under its shadow crowd the lea,—  
Proud of its height and its strength of stem,  
And proud of its perfume-bordered hem.  
    Arrows of gold we pride in too,  
    Arrows of gold impearled in dew.

Full eighty cycles of time are past  
Since the lily's leaves were upward cast ;  
Full eighty cycles of time are dead,  
The world's the lily's violet-bed.  
    Arrows of gold its stamens hold,  
    Arrows of gold in spotless fold.

Our lowly hearts and our eyes of blue  
O'erflow with gratitude warm and true ;  
Our fleeting breath ascends, a prayer,  
Lord, make the lily Thy fondest care !  
    Arrows of gold keep in the air,  
    Arrows of gold seen everywhere.

A seraph of light from Thy opal bower  
Commission supporter to the flower !  
For the winter comes, and its blasts of snow  
Must kiss the lily and downward blow.

Arrows of gold, frosted, not cold,  
Arrows of gold over the wold.

If heavier flakes than frosting soft  
Should touch the petals that swing aloft,  
The breath of Thy watching angel there  
Would melt them into the azure air.

Arrows of gold are pointing up,  
Arrows of gold in calla cup.

Long be the time ere the arrows fly  
Up, up, from the petals to the sky!  
All waste would lie the violet-bed  
If the pure white lily drooped its head.

Arrows of gold, oh, lightly sway  
Over the violet-bed for aye!

November 3, 1874.

---

Darkness and gloom for the violet-bed;  
The pure white lily has drooped,—is dead.  
Ripe with the beauty and wealth of time,  
The leaves waft down as a finished chime.

Arrows of gold an angel's palm  
Bear aloft to a holy calm.

Christ prizes blossoms of purest mould;  
For Him the lilies of life unfold;  
For Him they're gathered, and bloom and sway  
Eternal in God's eternal day.

Arrows of gold that rest above,  
Arrows of gold, we grieve, we love.

Darkness and gloom for the violet-bed,  
Light and rejoicing for overhead ;  
For us an indelible memory fair,  
That fills with lily the violet air.  
    Arrows of gold over us still,  
    Higher by our Creator's will.

June, 1878.

---

IN MEMORY OF HENRY WILSON,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO DIED NOVEMBER  
22, 1875.

EARTH's arms again are opened,  
    And she to her bosom takes  
Her offspring,—clasps him fondly,  
    As the winter wind awakes.

The Abolition laborers  
    Sink to rest as autumn leaves,  
Ripe with filled purpose, while the  
    Air chants freedom's symphonies.

The notes of gratitude are hushed  
    Full oft by breaks of tears,  
That we the standard-bearers  
    Lose of anti-slavery years.

Brave Wilson's early struggles  
    Made his after-life more sweet,  
His work for the down-trodden  
    More effective and complete.

The past is not forgotten,  
When the anti-slavery men  
Were but a meagre handful,  
He stood firm amid them then.

There comes a time for labor,  
And there comes a time for rest :  
The never-slumbering Father  
Well knoweth when each is best.

---

## EMILY HAMBLETON,

WHO FOUND A HOME AMONG THE ANGELS, 7TH MO. 2, 1876.

IN the sunny long ago, Emily,  
How I loved thy soul of snow, Emily,  
I a child, a woman thou !  
Sweet the memory lingers now,  
Sweet and sad together blend, Emily,  
Joy and sorrow God doth send, Emily.

Woman thou of finest cast, Emily,  
Spirit power to far outlast, Emily,  
The bruised casket of the flesh ;  
Lives like thine do ours refresh.  
Energy and justice thine, Emily,  
Live in force and round us shine, Emily.

All the good that thou hast wrought, Emily,  
All the precious lessons taught, Emily,

Blossom out and glorify  
Memory, and sanctify  
Present fruitage good to thee, Emily,  
And the fairer yet to be, Emily.

Truth immortal cannot die, Emily,  
Though thy pure soul floated high, Emily,  
Still will linger ages through  
Impress of thy teachings true.  
The dear life that now seems done, Emily,  
Crowns of heaven and earth hath won, Emily.

---

### THE DOVE'S MEMORIAM.\*

WANETH the light on the still, still river ;  
Waketh the moon on her fringed crest,  
Becking the stars with the golden quiver  
To spread them out on the blue to rest.

Browning gray are the river's tresses,  
And weirdly over her brow they toss ;  
Her dampened brush or her fond caresses  
Instil them not with the summer's gloss.

---

\* During the ravages of yellow fever in Memphis, in October, 1873, Mattie Stevenson, a sweet little Illinoisian, aged eighteen, went from New England to the rescue of the suffering and dying. After nursing several families with unswerving tenderness, she fell a victim to the contagion, and died, leaving a gloom and a halo over Memphis.

Back from the marge the white, white clover  
Sleeps in its nest and dreams of bees,  
Flecked the sun the heather over  
With drops of bloom in the daisied breeze.

Stooped the lily to hem the mosses,  
Thread of gold on a veil of green,  
Wild rose blushed in its backward tosses,  
A kiss, a tear, and a breath between.

A kiss, a breath, and the broad-browed river  
Dasheth her stillness into gloom ;  
A breath, a tear, and her arms deliver  
Us only the shadow of lost perfume.

Laid the river her fair child, Memphis,  
Close to her feet on the thirsting strand ;  
Wandered she down where the Orient's kiss is  
Long and sweet, ere she oped her hand,

Put she it down where the sun's bulrushes  
Danced to the music of birds and waves,—  
Down where the fragrance never hushes  
Into the still of snowy graves.

A serpent came with his saffron breathing,  
Dappled and dank, with the hue of death,  
Came where the child was beauty wreathing,  
Grappled its form to drink its breath.

Into its heart the fangs were sinking,  
Deep with venom and scorpion dust ;  
A White Dove flew from the north-land, linking  
Her strength with the child's to still the thrust.



Memphis smiled, took the sympathy tender ;  
Hugged the serpent still close his prey ;  
His baneful hold refused surrender,  
The Dove must foil him another way.

Lifting her feet from the marge of river,  
Pluming her wings for swiftest flight,  
Upward she swung, with her song, " Deliver,"  
Fanning it into the gates of light.

Fanning it in through the crevice golden,  
Wider ajar at touch of her wing,  
A prayer, a song by the air upholden,  
" Dear Lord, deliver the child, I sing."

I think, I think the good Lord heard her,  
The jaws of the serpent asunder fell ;  
He slunk away from his half-done murder,  
The river whispers, " The child is well."

Resteth the light on the still, still river ;  
Breaketh the morn on the lily land ;  
The stars stoop down in their restless quiver,  
The Dove's transfigured at God's right hand.

FROM the North-land to the South-land,  
 From the Eastward to the West,  
 Stretched the forests, chained by mountains,  
 And the gleams of silver pressed  
 Through the rocky, moss-clad gorges,  
 Finding in the lowlands rest.

Fringed with grasses, ocean-bordered,  
 Lay a strip of eastern shore,  
 Sprinkled o'er with humble cabins,  
 Human birds'-nests,—nothing more.  
 Nature held her wilds all silent ;  
 Freedom tapped without the door.

Backward fell the stalwart Indians  
 With a slow reluctant tread,  
 And the land grew broad and golden  
 As the forest shadows fled ;  
 Then it blushed from gold to scarlet  
 While its heroes' blood was shed.

There were battles, tears, and trials,  
 Ere the victory was won ;  
 There were storms and self-denials  
 Ere the fullest blaze of sun ;  
 But our ancestors were patriots,  
 And their work was nobly done.

1876.

FROM the North-land to the South-land,  
From the Eastward to the West,  
Ring the voices, echoing music,  
“Rock the century to rest.  
Tenderly in regal glory  
Clasp it to the nation’s breast.”

Gone are the primeval forests,  
The rude cabins closer shore  
Long since blossomed into castles,  
Quite unlike the buds of yore.  
Cities stretch along the rivers  
Where the Indian stood before.

Through the tall indigenous grasses  
Man has trailed an iron thread ;  
Bound the continent together,  
And it wakes beneath his tread ;  
Yields its fullest life and treasure,  
Yields him gold and peace and bread.

From the North-land to the South-land,  
From the rise to set of sun,  
Throng the millions brave, exultant,  
While their proud hearts beat as one.  
The great nation rocks and blesses,—  
Hush ! the Century’s course is run.

## AN ACORN-CUP

FROM OAK KNOLL, MASSACHUSETTS.

A DELICATE acorn-cup and fair,  
Overflowing with nectar rare ;  
Warm with the Poet's touch, it still  
Bubbles over as by his will.

What am I, that I dare to lift  
Drops that fall from the cup, his gift ?  
What am I, that the cup's frail stem  
I humbly hold to taste of them ?

Only the feeblest child of song,  
To whom the table crumbs belong :  
Only a singer in undertone  
Chanting for ears of love alone.

Dear, perfect Poet ! a week ago  
I walked beside thee where to and fro  
The Oak Knoll breezes, swift or slow,  
Chase the November glow and snow.

Thy pets the lowing kine and sheep,  
Meek-eyed horses from mangers deep,  
Roger, the guard, Dick, Carlo small,  
Rip Van Winkle, the birds, and all.

I'll long remember their love for thee,  
And thine for every graceful tree  
On the gently rising rounded ground  
Where thy late home has anchor found.

I see thee reach the oak's high hand  
And take the cup by wild winds fanned ;  
I hear thy pure, strong voice explain  
The wee brown chalice of later rain.

Thy cups are many. The nymphs design  
Thy broad oak tables, and Graces dine.  
This small one, that has home with me,  
They will scarcely miss in their jubilee ;

But if there should, when storms have crossed  
The Christmas tide, be any lost,  
On wings of a dream I'll send to thee  
Intact the cup thou gavest me.

A delicate acorn-cup and fair,  
Overflowing with nectar rare,  
Cherished because it late was thine,  
Only the falling drops are mine.

November 28, 1880.

“IT IS I.”

STILL he walks upon the wave,  
Jesus, he alone can save.  
Still to faith he would persuade :  
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

We are troubled, tempest-tossed,  
Without anchor, almost lost.  
Jesus comes with cheer to aid :  
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

Blinded are we, weeping sore ;  
Hear we the sweet voice once more  
That would from all sin dissuade :  
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

Still he walks upon the wave,  
Jesus, he alone can save.  
Still to faith he would persuade :  
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

## THE CUP OF LIFE.

WHEN the Lord divided His children,  
He gave me barely three.  
I prayed, "O Lord, let me keep them, and  
This is enough for me!"

When the Lord gathered in His children,  
He gathered alike my three;  
And I cried, "O Father in heaven!  
Is there not room for me?"

---

## UNDER THE FLOWERS.\*

A DECORATION ODE.

GREEN is the spring-time and blushing with bloom;  
Bring we an offering to each soldier's tomb,—  
Offering of blossoms, of song, and of tears;  
Gratitude's outburst, the flower-mark of years.  
Love for the memories, bloom for the graves;  
Slumber on, slumber on, dust of the braves,  
Under the flowers, under the flowers,  
Under the flowers, dear dust of the braves.

---

\* Music by J. R. Sweney, M.B.

Dark were the days when the farewells were breathed,  
Armies went marching where battle-smoke wreathed,  
Darkness and sorrow at home and abroad,  
Broken lives, broken hearts sank 'neath the sod.

Love for the memories, bloom for the graves ;  
Slumber on, slumber on, dust of the braves,  
Under the flowers, under the flowers,  
Under the flowers, dear dust of the braves.

Rich with peace-perfume our thoughts rise to-day ;  
God-granted tribute we thankfully pay  
Unto our heroes who crossed on war's tide ;  
Watching, they wait us on Time's golden side.

Love for the memories, bloom for the graves ;  
Slumber on, slumber on, dust of the braves,  
Under the flowers, under the flowers,  
Under the flowers, dear dust of the braves.

---

## BROKEN CONSOLATION.

THERE is a balm, be comforted :  
The mists that pitying kiss  
Our low-bowed heads an earnest are  
The Lord withholds no bliss

That better were on us bestowed.  
He rounds and domes the mounds,  
And, while He chastens with His hand,  
The greatest love abounds :



He loves us all, though dim may seem  
That love amid our grief;  
He loves us, to His sheltering wings  
We creep for our relief.

These narrow mounds of buried hopes,  
The graves of children dear,  
Are stepping-stones that lead to Him  
Through clouded days and clear.

The tears we shed from aching hearts  
But sanctify our souls;  
The prayer we utter in our strait  
An angel upward rolls.

The sad, sad season when the sun  
Weaves shrouds instead of gold,—  
When the embrace of star-clad night  
Is passionless and cold,—

When chanting birds forget to hush,  
And flowers to check their bloom,  
When life fades into death to us,  
And leaves a darkened room,

Has still the glory of His smile.  
He wounds that He may heal,  
And through the gloaming shadow-path  
His deepest love reveal.

These opening blossoms of that love  
Apportioned to our hold  
Are scarcely ours till gathered up  
Where petals fair unfold.

Ay, gathered up ! and empty hands  
We wring and supplicate,  
Because we cannot still our hearts  
To patience while we wait.

The walk is brief, we span the graves,  
And we are almost there :  
'Twere better God should take the blooms  
Unto His early care.

'Twere better, though we feebly say  
It in our heart of hearts,  
While all so dreary seems the world  
From whence our child departs.

We speak with ripening tongue of faith,  
And pray the years may bring  
Us closer to the Lord we love,  
E'en though through suffering.

His love ineffable surrounds  
Us, as the atmosphere,—  
The breath of an eternal life  
That lingers with us here.

Unfathomable to mortal mind  
In durance, depth, and scope,  
Love of all loves, the powerful stay  
Of each immortal hope.

## OH, NO!

A REPLY TO AN AGED SUFFERER'S REMARK, "PERHAPS THE LORD  
HAS FORGOTTEN ME."

OH, no! He has not forgotten thee;  
He never forgets His own;  
His arm in love upholds thee,  
He hears thy feeblest moan.  
Oh, no! He has not forgotten thee;  
Embroidering the hem of day,  
Behold the golden stitches  
Set in thy soft array.

No, no, He has not forgotten thee;  
He marks well the twilight's fall,  
And wraps in the buds of slumber  
A fragrance of dreams for all.  
Oh, no, He has not forgotten thee;  
Our memories with seasons dim,  
But God is God eternal,  
And we can rest in Him.

## A WORM AT THE ROOT.

I SAW by the roadside a pin oak  
Garlanded o'er with green,  
A gloss on its leaves like the laurel  
The shadow and sun between.

We drew up our steed by the pin oak,  
To rest in the cooling shade  
The arms of its statelier neighbor  
Threw over the golden glade.

The breeze whispered soft to the pin oak  
Her music and light refrain,  
And the leaves in their satin raiment  
Danced out in a fairy train.

"Reflection of grace is the pin oak,"  
I breathe, but a nearer gaze  
Discloses the green brown mottled  
Leaves flecked into sombre phase.

"What is it that aileth the pin oak  
And turneth its emerald brown?"

"A worm at the root," is the answer:  
I muse as the words float down.

A worm at the root of the pin oak,  
That painteth its every leaf.  
Who e'er with the lens of distance  
Had entered this sad belief!

Are mortals akin to the pin oak,  
Their worm at the root dire sin?  
Will the beautiful angel of judgment  
Say, "Mottled one, come not in"?

We may seem as fair as the pin oak  
To the careless passer-by,  
But the spots on the soul God seeth  
With His all-searching eye.

We have strength that hath not the pin oak  
To cleanse from cankerous gnaw  
Life's root, and the great worm evil  
To throw where it cannot flaw.

Let us bear in image the pin oak,  
And dig at the worm of sin,  
Lest its blight unaware fall on us  
And mottle what clear had been.

## SING TO THE SEAM.

THE girl who sits in the porchway low  
Sings to her needle as to and fro  
It weaves the seam with its glittering glow,  
Close in the garment she holds to sew.

Sing to the seam ;  
Sing it your dream ;  
Lodge in each stitch  
Part of its gleam.

No "Song of the Shirt" sings she,—oh, no,  
Her words are gleeful, happy, and low ;  
While the shining needle, fast or slow,  
Tosses the thread that it shorter grow.

Sing to the seam ;  
Sing it your dream ;  
Lodge in each stitch  
Part of its gleam.

A song's good company while you sew ;  
It helps the needle to onward go  
And trace its work in a dainty row  
O'er the downy, drifted, cambric snow.

Sing to the seam ;  
Sing it your dream ;  
Lodge in each stitch  
Part of its gleam.

A simple song with no work below  
Is lost on the empty air, you know ;  
But tune and labor, together aglow,  
The richest blessings of time bestow.

Sing to the seam ;  
Sing it your dream ;  
Lodge in each stitch  
Part of its gleam.

---

### THE SNOW VEIL.

WHERE the daises used to nestle,  
God has spread a fleecy snow ;  
Where the rocks were rough and jagged  
Winter's crystal blossoms blow.

All the gnarled, uncouth, unseemly  
Objects that obscured the way  
Have grown beautiful and perfect  
In their softly pure array.

Wonderful the transformation !  
Everything is white, so white ;  
Darkness finds no place to settle ;  
Crippled are the wings of night.

Sweet must be dear Nature's slumbers  
Underneath the veil of God.  
Can it be she dreams of waking,  
And of spring-time's pulsing sod?

Hush we all our words to whispers,  
Lest she, stirring, ope her eyes,  
And the veil that God has loaned her  
Be caught up again by skies.

---

## THIRTY-EIGHT.

THIRTY, thirty, thirty-eight.  
How birthdays accumulate !  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Lilac springs to celebrate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Birds of passage, breaths of fate.  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Kingdoms of the world's estate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Thrones that I must abdicate.  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Crowns that fall, a feather's weight.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Blossom-pictures delicate.  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Steps through mazes intricate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Steps that doubts assassinate.



Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Failures to commemorate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Tangled visions to translate.  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Half-wrought labors congregate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Purposes to concentrate.  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Glimmering lights illuminate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Songs with love reverberate.  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Sounds on one cord alternate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Memories sweet to consecrate.  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight  
Years that fade and terminate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,  
On the verge I hesitate.—  
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,  
Gone ! and Time has closed the gate.

## IN VAIN.

I've told my heart, and I've told my pen,  
To rest, be patient and still.  
I've told my brain, and I've told my soul,  
But they work against my will.  
Full half the pictures they sketch to life  
My hand refuses to frame,  
Being tethered to some more needful toil ;  
But they paint them all the same.

My frames unpolished, of uncouth words,  
O'ershadow instead of show  
The opal tints that my waking soul  
Felt over the pictures glow.  
The paintings unframed the fairest are ;  
And so with the books unbound,  
That hum their tunes to the amber air  
With a sweet and siren sound.

Man fails forever to cage his dreams,  
A will-o'-the-wisp they fly,  
Enticing still, but eluding him,  
Till lost in the distant sky.  
The birds on the leafy bowers will sing  
To the listening moss and fern,  
And the flowers, their mute interpreters,  
Will a smiling upward turn.

But all the sweet of a warbler's song  
Fades into a plaintive lay  
If we clasp the bird and hedge it in,  
And it pines the livelong day.  
The song that we fain had made our own  
Is lost on the freedom air ;  
The notes that we vainly sought to cage  
Are vanishing everywhere.

'Tis thus with the pictures our fancy sees  
Aglow with the pearly dew,  
The water-falls, the leaves, and the trees,  
With the sunshine sifting through ;  
No more can we frame than song of birds  
Our visions' slightest part,  
Though the loveliest forms fair Nature made  
Be mirrored on brain and heart.

It is just as well, I sometimes think,  
If our hands be labor-tied,  
For the picture-dreams that illume my brain  
Are brighter than all beside ;  
And if they were framed, their light would fade,  
Their delicate tints be lost,  
Their sunlit groves that golden float  
Be dark and shadow-crossed.

So, hush ! I say, to my soul and pen,  
For the hundredth time again ;  
My judgment urges the stern command,  
But they will obey it—when ?

Not, not, I fear, till the stars come down  
That the azure sky upholds ;  
Not till the brown arms of the earth  
The dust her own enfolds.

---

## ONCE AGAIN.

ONCE again earth's breast is throbbing  
With the quickening pulse of spring ;  
Once again the wild wind's sobbing  
Hushes, and the robins sing.

Once again the leaves are peeping  
From their sombre hiding-place ;  
Once again the flowers late-sleeping  
Waken, each with smiling face.

Once again our footfalls meeting  
Lies the velvet carpet green ;  
Once again we pause repeating,  
" Fairest pattern ever seen."

Once again the violet catches  
On its lip the kiss of sky ;  
Once again some blossom matches  
Each rare color set on high.

Once again the breezes linger,  
Cradling soft the odorous air ;  
Once again writ by God's finger  
Is His evidence of care.

Once again He proves immortal  
All His power doth create ;  
And this footstool by the portal  
Seems a blessed place to wait.

---

*BROWN AND WHITE.*

FADED are the pink and purple that o'erfringed the  
summer day ;

Brown and white are all the hangings with which frosty  
breezes play.

Brown and white, and yet the roses bloom as fresh on  
lovers' cheeks,  
And my Nellie's lips of coral glow as brightly when  
she speaks.

Brown and white ; yes, I remember in a winter long  
ago  
How we trod one bright December until lost amid the  
snow ;

Blinded were we by its fleeces, for the sun was growing  
pale,  
And we scarce could see each other, or the bars we had  
to scale.

Late the school had held that evening, for we had a  
spelling-match,  
And I spelled you down, my darling, on the simple  
word of "thatch."

How you hurried on before me all the long and weary  
way !—

When I smiled and sued forgiveness, you had not a  
word to say.

But the drifts grew deeper, deeper, till I caught you at  
the bars,

When I gave a puff and whistle like the steaming of  
the cars ;

And your laugh, a merry tinkle, like an unbound water-  
fall,

Dashed the landscape full of music, and there seemed  
no snow at all.

But the flakes, or something warmer, blinded then and  
there my sight,

And I saw but you, my darling, in your hood all mot-  
tled white.

O'er the bars I sprang before you, and I turned to meet  
your face ;

Rose of scarlet it rebuked me as I snatched a quick  
embrace.

Brown and white, transformed to golden, lingers still  
that winter day,

And its memory, like you, darling, turneth every month  
to May.

Brown and white, you softly answer, are the lines-  
within my hair,

Smiling that I think your coral ne'er by age has  
bleachéd fair.

Brown and white ! The old love-blindness that fell on  
me at the bars  
Tarries yet, and my one vision Time in touching never  
mars.

---

THE SILVER MILESTONE.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO R. B. AND E. B. LAMBORN, 5TH  
MO. I, 1880.

WHILE yet in love's fresh morning the higher noon-  
tide sun  
Falls warm, with softening shadows, upon a milestone  
won,  
A silver, silver milestone of life's sweet sacred vow,  
We pause with you translating its clear inscription  
now.

“ True love is love forever, and years that ebb and  
flow  
But broaden its expansion and purify its glow.”  
To-day we hush all sorrow our hearts have felt for  
yours ;  
(God bless the gathered blossoms He keeps where  
bloom endures !)

We linger round the milestone with our affection  
wreath,  
And beckon richest blessings to hide the cross be-  
neath.

Dear kin, and generous-hearted, the trifling meed we  
bring  
Is but a spray returning unto its own with spring.

The flowers of kindness scattered with free and loving  
hands  
Waft back their fringe of perfume to where their  
prompter stands ;  
We fail, we cannot gather the sweets of memory fair,  
Although they cluster round us and impregnate the air.

We garland you with prayers as you the milestone pass,  
Your generous acts and efforts our words cannot amass.  
Together, O beloved ! the Master round you fold  
His mantle of protection to reach the milestone gold.

---

## THE SOLUTION.

I SEE a face in the glass,  
And I wonder if it can be  
The face of the merry lass  
That used to laugh back at me.

I note the braids and coils  
Of a silvered chestnut hue,  
And I ask, Are they the spoils  
Of a golden ringlet crew ?



I linger pitying o'er  
The lips that were scarlet flame,  
And roses that come no more  
On cheeks that lilies claim.

The eyes,—ah, the secret's caught !  
It is gray, not azure, I trace.  
The change of vision has wrought  
This marvellous change of face.

The lass would laugh at her ease,  
And the crinkled threads of gold  
Would tangle the rose and breeze,  
If blue was color to hold.

---

## OVER THE SEA.

LAST night I was over the sea, the sea,  
Over the salt blue sea.  
My hair is damp with the breath of the deep,  
My treasury full of trophies I keep.  
Last night I was over the sea, the sea,  
Over the salt blue sea.

Last night I was over the sea, the sea,  
Over the salt blue sea.  
The ancient, beautiful, storied, and grand  
Were mine for an hour at a dream's command.  
Last night I was over the sea, the sea,  
Over the salt blue sea.

## CONSTANCY.

NOT for one hour, not for one day,  
Not for one year, love I thee ;  
But for all time, and through all space,  
And for all eternity.

---

## UTE PASS.

IN her silver gown descending,  
Laughs forever Fountain Run ;  
Singing, shouting, leaping chasms,  
Till the Pass of Ute is done.  
Singing, freedom from the mountains,  
Dancing on to meet the sun,  
Dancing on to clothe the river  
In the crystal robe she spun.

In their livery of labor,  
Climbing up the cañon gray,  
Go the dust-veiled teams and teamsters  
All along the Leadville way.  
Weary, hopeful, heavy-laden,  
With their journey just begun,  
And a narrow ledge to plod on,  
How they wish the Ute Pass done !

Meeting, greeting teams and streamlet,  
Little heed ye grandeur free,  
Or that God has cleft the mountain  
Just as Moses did the sea !  
That He walls the Pass with glory  
As you move with your supplies  
Down to river, up to mankind  
In a gay and labor guise.

---

## THE BEAUTIFUL HARVEST.

Out in the field the bees are singing  
Love to the clover, and fondly clinging.  
Timothy blossoms and purple fringes  
Sway where odor the gold air tinges ;  
The wheat has grown, her hair is browning ;  
Acres of oats have tinted crowning  
It is the harvest,  
The beautiful, bountiful harvest.

Wonder we half with disbelieving,  
While earth's liberal wealth receiving,  
Whether the land with full life breathing  
E'er was silent beneath snow's wreathing,  
Whether the days by summer lengthened  
Ever were dwarfed, or cold winds strengthened.  
• For we have harvest,  
The beautiful, bountiful harvest.

Sing on, bee, to the blush-bloom clover.  
Wing away, birds, each to your lover.  
Fan us, breeze, with your odorous kisses,  
Toss to us blossoms no spray misses.  
Rest on us, sun, your golden glory,  
Till hearts within chorus the story.  
    We have the harvest,  
    The beautiful, bountiful harvest.

---

*A TWILIGHT FRAGMENT.*

THE daisies nodded at my feet,  
Which careless crushed the pasture sweet.  
I strode along but half content,  
And little heeding where I went.  
At last I paused ; the day had fled,  
And left, as do the noble dead,  
The grand reflection of its light  
To halo the dim rim of night.

Tis thus, I said, with every bliss ;  
I only catch its parting kiss.  
They come, they go, whom I hold dear,  
And leave but crimson memories here.  
I lean dejected 'gainst the hedge  
Which borders close the pasture's edge.  
I see the brow of yonder hill,  
Bound with corn's wealth of chlorophyl.

I see the tassels white and pink.  
I see—but 'tis a dream, I think—  
A maid who gathers ears of gold  
Within an apron's snow-white fold.  
I see—the dream grows real now—  
Adown the corn-path comes a cow,  
Sauntering before the maiden fair  
Who waves a corn-bloom in the air.

“Hey! Cherry, out!” The sound is near;  
My own heart beating too I hear,  
As o'er the hedge I quickly spring  
And Cherry to the pasture bring.  
That curious cow! I wonder why  
She turns on me her placid eye;  
She cannot know the corn-maid's cheek  
And mine grow pink whene'er we speak.

---

## THE HAWTHORN BLOOM.

'Twas a dingy, smoky, railway-car,  
But he saw not the fume  
As he strode along with a lordly air  
And gazed at his hawthorn bloom.

The hawthorn smiled in his button-hole,  
And whispered of fingers fair  
That plucked the cluster with merry grace,  
And, blushing, bound it there.

“ Ah, she is as pure as a hawthorn bloom !”

He mused, as he sought a seat  
(Which he found beside a market dame),  
“ And the country life is sweet.”

The dust and the din were naught to him,  
With the hawthorn blossom white :  
The past, the present, the future, and she  
Were his, and the world was bright.

---

### T H E E.

A WEALTH of words the world contains  
Thrown out from the forge of thought,  
Coined and hammered by workmen, brains,  
But they all might go for nought  
If the little one, the silvery *thee*,  
Was not amid the wealth for me.

Millions of hearts the pulse of time  
By its beat to being throbs ;  
Life and death is its blended chime,  
And its echo smiles and sobs.  
Softly the echo falls on me,  
Early and late, the silvery *thee*.

Rivers that rise in mountain springs  
Are lost in the foaming seas ;

Still to the crested wave each sings  
Of its native flowers and trees.  
Were I a stream, the song for me  
Would be the rippling, silvery *thee*.

The word was sweet when earth began,  
And God in His mercy great  
Let all its sweetness follow man  
Outside of the Eden gate.  
It holy memories holds for me,  
The little word, the silvery *thee*.

The Son of God in transient stay  
Amid the sons of men  
The loving word used day by day.  
It is now as sweet as when  
It fell, the pure and silvery *thee*,  
From His dear lips on Galilee.

Immortal word beyond the rest,  
'Thou lingerer in my soul !  
For aye I'll hold thee first and best.  
When the portals backward roll,  
Angels, I know, in calling me,  
Will whisper low the silvery *thee*.

## THE FEEDER OF SWAN.

THE trailing robe of Summer, looped  
With autumn bur and aster,  
Swept softly near the pond where stooped  
White swan and unknown master.  
The baby hands with verdure filled  
Outstretched the swan were feeding ;  
Above the breeze and wood bird trilled  
A lay of faith exceeding.

We missed our darling as we gazed  
Upon a strange, wild river,  
And turned our hungry eyes amazed  
To greet him bounty giver.  
As floating snow about him grouped  
The swan with beaks of amber,  
Drift to meet drift, he smiled and stooped  
Where water-lichens clamber.



## WAITING AT THE NEST.

I STOOPED at the edge of a graceful wood  
Where the mossiest nest had bird-full stood :  
I parted the veil of moss that threw  
Its filmy shadows of greening blue  
Over the nest, and found but rest.

The brood had lifted their wings and flown  
Gladly away from the nest outgrown ;  
The mother-bird chirping softly there  
Told me a song of her joyful care  
Over the nest her wings had pressed.

“ We builded the nest, ah me, ah me !  
Early and bright did spring flowers be ;  
Gladness was bannered on tree and turf ;  
Blossoms wind-gathered in snowy surf  
Over us tossed, our nest embossed.

“ The transient billow to stillness crept,  
A stillness, too, on our nest had slept,  
And love's warm labor more fondly woke  
As into being our life-dream broke ;  
Our wings caressed the brood we blessed.

“ Rearing a brood is no idler's work,  
A parent heart is never a shirk,

And day by day the widening bills  
Spurred to action our feet and wills ;  
The worms were brought, the flying taught.

“ Nights that were weariest seemed the best,  
Songs the sweetest that hushed them to rest.  
The care was laden with love’s perfume,  
Affectionate labor had its resume.  
Ever so small be birdlings all,

“ They pay their way with the love they bring ;  
A heart expands with an outstretched wing :  
Each little head has its nook for rest  
Under the shelter, close to the breast,  
A nook its own and its alone.

“ A shadow into our sunlight fell,  
Death’s angel passed, and said, ‘ ’Tis well,  
The Father needeth young birds to sing.’  
She lifted two from under my wing,  
Nor asked, nor told. Oh, Death is bold !

“ But sadder still was the day and dark  
A birdling flew into nature’s park ;  
The sprightliest one we had was she ;  
She chirped her song from the highest tree,  
Chirped merrily her notes of glee.

“ So slight, but she could not tread on air,  
She stepped amiss, and her form lay there.  
An angel lifted her up and flew  
Noiselessly on through the ether blue,  
And sorrow left with us bereft.

“ Followed my mate in the angel’s wake  
To guide back the bird she’d stooped to take ;—  
He must have stopped in heaven to rest,  
For he came not back to the mossy nest,  
Nor yet to sing at the call of spring.

“ Our other birdlings, oh, six are they  
In scattered nests of their own to-day,  
While I still cling to mine in the wood  
With a restful patience half understood,  
And wait my mate, though he be late.”

---

*A SUFFERER'S IMPROMPTU.*

My aches and ails could I shake  
Away as dust from my feet,  
Be dead to the pangs of flesh,  
And to pain’s unceasing beat,

Methinks I should tread on air  
And rival a care-free bird,  
That my unbound voice should thrill  
Forever one grateful word.

A life of ills and complaint  
Is a selfish one at best :  
A soul in an unsound house  
Continually finds unrest.

There's sometimes a half desire  
To leave the tenement worn,  
And a wondering discontent  
With burdens that must be borne.

Life to the stanch and strong  
A glorious boon must be,  
For it seems the smile of God  
Full often to ailing me.

And if I were well just once  
For a whole, a livelong day,  
I might go wild with the joy ;  
So patience, not health, I pray.

Patience, to bear all the pains,  
To dwarf not the growing soul ;  
Patience, to tenant the flesh  
Nor murmur it is not whole.

Patience and most hopeful faith  
Towards all that remains undone ;  
Patience to watch and to wait  
Till the sands of life are run.

'Tis only a little time,  
How little we may not know,  
Till the house will crumble down,  
The tenant be free to go

Where the sounds are not walled in,  
Where there are no pains of breath.  
In peace will the soul forget  
It passed the valley of death.

And the peace will be no less  
The valley was dark and long :  
So I only ask for power  
To suffer and yet be strong.

---

*THROUGH THE FISSURES.*

THE joys of years, the snows of years,  
Are piling into drifts ;  
And yet how oft a breath of spring  
Divides the past in rifts !

We pause, and through the fissures see  
The visions long, long past ;  
Ourselves as children on some knee  
Where love has bound us fast.

We take the feelings, are a pet  
Within the loving arms :  
The gladness and protection come  
Of being safe from harms.

We journey to expanding youth,  
That half-developed state  
Where restless upon childhood's rim  
We dawning manhood wait.

*A LAY OF PASSAGE.*

The friends of then, the plans of then,  
We hold and have them still ;  
Some blossom sweetly, some are dead,  
According to God's will.

But they are ours as clear as then,  
Within our memory sight :  
We softly through the fissures glide  
And dwell with them to-night.

We fain would lay our cares aside,  
Our growth and years discard,  
And be again a child as then,  
With loving arms to guard.

We fain, but years drift on and on  
Nor ever backward turn ;  
'Tis only in our heart of hearts  
These lights of memory burn.

---

*A LAY OF PASSAGE.*

IN the floating purple mist,  
Close to us and yet so far,  
Is the beacon we have missed,  
Shining, flashing like a star.

As we near it, it recedes,  
Distance by the air disguised ;  
When we reach the longed-for place,  
Hopes are still unrealized.

Perfect comfort and content  
Are not clasped by mortals here,  
But we chant their threnodies  
From the cradle to the bier.

Chant and half forget the joy  
That within the present lies,  
Asking for the thornless crowns  
That belong but to the skies.

Restless and impatient, we  
Deem our lot the lot of pain,  
And earth-blinded cannot see  
Crosses are God's scores of gain.

Let us feel no discontent,  
Though our hopes should blossom slow ;  
Beacons that elude us here  
For the faithful heavenward glow.

---

## MINE OWN WITH USURY.

Luke xix 23.

'Tis not enough that we receive  
And hold the nucleus of power  
A nursling in our quiet souls ;  
'Tis not enough. There dawns an hour  
When the beneficent Bestower  
With usury demands His own ;  
When we must stand beside His gate  
Returning to Him His great loan.

Each life a possibility

Contains, which care and nurturing fair  
Ripens to perfect usefulness.

Within its sphere, and working there  
With patience, oft some grand design

Of the All-wise Designer glows  
From a talent lethargy would rust.

Soul-brightness much to action owes.  
The dormant brain lies dark and dead,

Unconscious of existence true,  
Its innate power all lost through lack  
Of energy to dare and do.

Not evenly apportioned are

The talents. Should our share be one,  
Let us enjoy while we improve  
It, till uncertain time be done.

Then, when the Powerful Voice repeats,  
“Give me with usury mine own,”

We can relinquish cheerfully  
The required portion at His throne.

## THE DEATH-BELL.

I HEAR the reverberate bell of death,

The bell that has rung since time began ;  
Since Cain in anger took Abel's breath

The bell has swung in a tower o'er man.

Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.



This morn, I hear as the clock strikes three  
A lingering chime, while the house is still ;  
I hear, and I know it is God's decree  
That some of my blood obey death's will.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

The bells that ring with the music of earth  
Ring glad and free for the bridal train,  
Ring out for revelry, joy, and mirth ;  
But the bells of death are full of pain.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

The bells that ring to the church below  
Chime out at intervals solemn, clear ;  
And whether we heed, or whether we go,  
Lies with our conscience, whether it hear.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

But the bells that ring to the church on high  
Ring full forever, nor cease to rest,  
And the congregation in the sky  
Continually gathers at their behest.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

My mind's eye sees through the looming mist  
The tower, the dome, and the bell of gold ;  
And I see the doors of amethyst  
At each clear chime of the bell unfold.

Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

I see my beloved who sit within  
The beautiful temple aglow with light,  
And, seeing, forget I the world and sin—  
The day eternal transforms the night.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

The hour is three, the clock out-calls ;  
The hour is three ! screams the chanticleer ;  
The hour is three, from the death-bell falls,  
And it falls to summon my kindred dear.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

It makes no tremor to tell me who,  
No change as the sweet Moravian bell ;  
But I know by the way it thrills me through  
That one, a near one, obeyed the knell.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

Death is all life in the realm above,  
While life is all death as we listen low.  
Lord, teach us all by thy boundless love  
To bow as the bell rings to and fro.  
Relentless beat, with swift repeat,  
Never late, and ever complete.

## INVOCATION.

THOU, God ! who art omniscient,  
Thy children calm and bless !  
Pour thou upon our stricken hearts  
Thy balm of peacefulness !

We are grieved and sore afflicted ;  
We mourn ; we cannot see  
Through all these thickening damps of earth  
Into futurity.

The river of death is narrow ;  
A bridge the angels swung,  
And beckoned our loved one over  
The ransomed host among.

He crossed at a moment's warning,—  
The bridge was swept away ;  
We sit by the river weeping ;  
Comfort us, Lord, we pray !

Our parent was fond and tender,  
Steadfastly just and true ;  
The earth seems nearer to heaven  
When he has passed it through.

Thou who art ever a Father  
Unto the fatherless !  
Oh, reach thy loving arms toward us  
In compassionateness !

December 17, 1875.

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### DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHITE from the downy mountain  
The north wind sweeps and swells,  
Weaving a fringe for the fountain,  
Headed with funeral bells.

Closer the brown-haired grasses  
Cling to the friendly breast  
That shelters while north wind passes,  
And hushes them down to rest.

The delicate bloom and graces  
That swung on perfumed spray  
Have startled, hid their faces,  
And vanished quite away.

Only the overslept aster,  
Shivering, pale and blue,  
Lingers to share disaster  
And frozen draughts of dew.

Instead of incense fragrant  
Sweet in wood and wild,  
Are frowning burs and vagrant  
Where late the mosses smiled.

The north wind wails and trembles  
A forest of broken notes ;  
The leaden sky dissembles,  
Or as a nun devotes

Her thoughts to rituals ancient.  
The songs of love and yore  
Have fallen as blossoms transient,  
And gladness is no more.

The buds of young hopes blasted  
Lie withered on the soul  
Where fair tints once contrasted,—  
And north wind claims the whole.

---

### WEARINESS.

I AM tired, so tired, and dulled with pain,  
My courage flags from endless strain.  
I wonder if 'mid life's clouds and rain  
The sun and blossoms will break again.

I am half dissatisfied and distressed,  
Worn with anxiety, starved for rest.  
I wonder if God when time seems best  
Will fold my wings with His happiest.

My burden is often heavy to bear.  
If duty has respite, I know not where.  
I wonder if in a desert of care  
There lies an oasis shady, fair.

I am tired of hand, and tired of heart;  
I pity myself, and the tear-drops start.  
I wonder if close to this busy mart  
The angels glide and their peace impart.

Weary, discouraged, I bow my head,  
Wishing my weakness were strength instead.  
I wonder if yet in the blue outspread  
There are ravens such as Elijah fed.

---

DAFFODIL.

NOR the blossoming daffodil  
That sways her golden bell,  
And rings the spring to fill  
With summer every dell;

Not the bride-bloom daffodil  
With fair camellia face,  
That balms the air to trill  
The sweetness of her grace ;

Just canary Daffodil,  
Restless without her cage,  
Employing winning skill  
An entrance to engage.

Dear chirping Daffodil !  
How like to human kind !  
You beat the bars, and still  
When freed are not resigned.

---

## THE WILLOW.

THE willow sways to the windward  
Her drooping graceful wands,  
Touching the waking clover,  
And the clover understands.

The willow unfurls her banners  
Of green and tinted gold,  
And the birds choose sites for castles  
Where banners toss and fold.

The willow smiles her blossoms  
Sweetening the downy air,  
And the bees, a musical army,  
Are gathering honey there.

The willow fans the grasses  
With trailing bough and wreath,  
And at "hide-and-seek" with sunshine  
Are children underneath.

The willow, the weeping willow,  
Stoops low and softly sighs  
O'er the mounds the living grieve for,  
Mute sympathy supplies.

The willow has many voices.  
Ah! who can comprehend  
A tithe of the power mysterious  
God to a tree doth lend?

Unto me the budding willow  
Whispers with breath of spring,  
"The Lord of summer and winter  
Careth for everything."



## OUR HELPLESSNESS.

Nothing of ourselves we do !  
Angels stoop to help us through  
All the caverns dark and wide  
Where the o'erwhelming ocean tide  
In reaches.

And their footprints we may see  
Bending towards eternity,  
All along the open land  
And upon the shining sand  
Of beaches.

Nothing of ourselves we own !  
Even life is but a loan ;  
Earth will want the dust again,  
God above the immortal grain  
Of spirit.

Nothing of ourselves we are !  
Mendicants of time afar,  
Struggling 'gainst the wave of death,  
Praying with a bated breath  
To clear it.

## THE SNOW PATH.

THERE'S a lesson for every day in life,  
If we would but pause and read ;  
Volumes and volumes of lore unbound,  
Exponents of nature's creed.

Just here, on the crisp and ice-bound snow,  
Were letters I did not know,  
Till a child, a precious interpreter,  
Said, "Mamma, 'tis here we go !

"Here where the great men their tracks have made,  
When the snow was nice and soft ;  
The footmarks are large, and hard as rock ;  
In them we may cross the croft."

"But the way is crooked, my child, my child,  
And the strides are all too long.  
The first man trod with a careless gait,  
And marked the pathway wrong.

"We will break a new one, thou and I,  
With our feet across the wold ;  
Follow, my little one, closely now,  
My footprints over the cold."

By a straighter line we reached the point,  
Turned backward the path to see ;  
But the snow, all innocent of our walk,  
Lay billowed most peacefully.

“ We are too light for the ice-clad snow,  
So we cannot dent it through ;  
Let us go back by the crooked tracks,  
As the other people do.”

“ Oh, not in that way, my child, my child !  
Though we leave no print or trace,  
Let us still go home by the nearest way,  
If the dear Lord grant us grace.”

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## TIME'S UNFINISHED VOLUME.

READ AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NORMAL LITERARY SOCIETY,  
MILLERSVILLE, PA., JANUARY 30, 1880.

BLUSHING springs dance on and onward  
In the fulness of unrest,  
Finding peace and comfort only  
When asleep on summer's breast.

Golden summers sway their sceptres,  
And the rainbows in the air  
Stoop and kiss their seals of color  
On the blossoms everywhere.

Shadows chase and catch the sunbeams,  
Wealth is prisoned in the leaves,  
While each glad succeeding summer  
Binds for autumn all her sheaves.

Early autumns, glad receivers,  
Open garnerers of the years,  
Treasure fondly, as their whim is,  
Summer's bloom for winter's shears.

Later autumns—coats of Joseph  
Every one ye seem to be !  
Many-colored, blood-dyed, empty,  
While like Jacob grieved are we ;

For the winters follow, follow,  
And the life we love seems lost,  
All the verdure seared and blighted,  
And the white land famine-crossed.

Cold and lonely fall the winters ;  
Bird and glow-worm, fire-fly, all,  
Frighted and benumbed with silence,  
Wait till, Egypt-like, springs' call.

Oft we gather falling petals  
From the seasons in their round,  
Vaguely read with awe the compact  
'Twixt the firmament and ground,—

Vaguely read, with little learning,  
Gleaning scarce the alphabet,  
Till with film of snow we're blinded,  
Like the rose and violet.

Time, the scrivener of the ages,  
Slowly writes, indelibly,  
Turns immutably the pages  
Of the planet's history ;

Writing with the pen of centuries  
Words for ages yet to be ;  
Writing slowly, ever surely,  
On the earth her destiny ;

Writing, folding down the pages  
Close and closer to her heart,  
Sealing each leaf on the other,  
That frail fingers may not part.

Deep and numerous are the pages  
Of the volume vast, untold ;  
We pass on, but Time, unceasing,  
Writes, and seasons stoop to fold.

Curious mankind sometimes chooses  
Treasures from the volume deep ;  
Reaching in among the antiques,  
Takes some relic Time would keep—

Takes and uses, little heeding  
What of age is writ thereon,  
Or the great baptismal changes  
What he claims has undergone ;

Takes and uses, soon returning  
Gold and coal and finer clay  
To the bosom of the volume  
Whence he borrowed it away.

Nothing keeping, nothing owning,  
We but gaze the briefest span  
On the leaf that Time is turning  
In the Grand Composer's plan.

Little learning, less discerning,  
When our fragile forms will stand  
Quaintly pictured in the volume  
That is folding on the land.

We possess naught but the present  
And the moments that are past ;  
All the future is a vision,  
Brilliant, of uncertain cast.

In the volume we but figure  
Like the small immortal blooms  
That have budded, blown, and slumbered  
For the decking of the tombs.

Still within us is an incense  
That the volume cannot cage ;  
Winged, exultant it uprises  
At the touch of time and age.

Half in wonder, half in sorrow,  
Mark we the swift flight of years,  
Note the care-lines on our faces,  
On our hearts the scars of tears.

We have known and grown and suffered ;  
We have loved, been loved again ;  
We have held life's cup of pleasure ;  
We have tasted of its pain.

We have crossed 'mid flowers and brambles,  
Caught the dew upon our feet,  
Plucked the bloom and thorn together,  
Found the bitter and the sweet.

We have roamed o'er plain and mountain,  
Have been far in canyon deeps ;  
We have poised upon the billows  
That the murmuring ocean keeps.

We have been in wild abysses,  
Climbed the peaks to reach the sun,  
Touched the clouds, and found, descending,  
Visions fade as heights are won.

We have built our Spanish castles,  
Rich with columns, tall with towers ;  
We have watched them sway and struggle  
To withstand the stormy hours.

We have seen the flames surround them  
With an eager hungry haste,  
And have memory-vaults of ashes  
Gathered from the whitened waste.

We have joy-swards green and tufted  
Growing at each vaulted door,  
That the fallen Spanish castles  
Crush or blacken never more.

Twenty blushing springs have nestled  
Fast asleep in summer's arms,  
Twenty bright, uncertain autumns  
Fled at winter's gray alarms,

Since, upon a Normal birthday,  
I in Normal chapel stood,  
Breathing feeble words of welcome  
To the literary food.

Gazed I then on fond familiars,  
Precious friends of "truth and right ;"  
While the Normal home-cords bound me,  
Just as you are bound to-night.

Twenty years are scarce a heart-beat  
In the motion of the past,  
And they seem to flee like shadows  
From the sunshine they've amassed.

Scattered wide are those familiars,—  
Wider that the war was here ;  
For the price of Afric's freedom  
Cost our country sadly dear.

Still the noble lives and loving  
We can trace on earth to-day,  
Give us courage, and the friendships  
Never, never fade away.

Other thoughts than mine turn fondly  
As they stem the laborer's tide,  
To the early hopes they gathered,  
From the watchword\* now your pride,

All around, about, above you,  
To the halo of their dreams,  
And they call with me, "I love you,"  
Till the distance present seems.

---

\* " Fight for Truth and Right."



Twenty years, a myth departed,  
I can scarcely own their flight,  
As I see the same instructors\*  
Here, that then were my delight,—  
See them quite unchanged, save only  
Silver lines have nearer crept  
To their brains, as though, else lonely,  
Seeking rest where gems are kept ;  
See them quite unchanged, but richer  
For the knowledge they have sown,  
With their eyes and lips reflecting  
All the sunshine they have thrown.  
Grateful blessings cling like mosses  
To their sandals as they pass  
Down the sessions, through the freshness  
Of the fairest floral mass,  
Gathering ever, while they scatter ;  
For the wind-blown blossoms there  
Pause a moment, touch the waters,  
Then are drifted on in air ;  
Stronger of the touch, yet leaving  
Often waves of fragrance sweet,  
Like the moss that swings and tangles  
Round a lake and streamlet's feet.  
Twenty years ! 'Tis well that birthdays  
Stand as milestones on the way,  
To remind us how the present  
Gains upon the future gay.

---

\* Dr. Edward Brooks and Prof. J. W. Westlake.

How the past recedes and leaves us  
For the sunny long ago,  
While it seems to linger round us  
With its phosphorescent glow.

Time, the great unwearied scrivener,  
Traces miracles of light  
In the volume he's preparing  
For the Master's oversight,

Blending gold and shade together,  
Pencillings delicate and grand,  
That, inviolate, each impress  
Be preserved upon the land.

Wonderful, unfinished volume,  
Leaves on leaves of manuscript,  
Written on forever, ever,  
With a pen in ages dipped !

Press some laurel green mementoes  
Of the Normal and the Page\*  
In your ponderous book, that later  
May exalted thoughts engage.

Press and keep them till, completed,  
By the Master's just decree,  
You are lifted to His book-shelves,  
And they fall, that He may see.

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\* Rival literary societies.

## THE UNDER-GROUND RAILROAD.

HERE, in our own America,  
A railroad under ground,  
Before the freedom bud had swelled,  
Most active service found.

The narrow, narrow, prayer-laid track  
On abolition ties,  
The tunnels black, with silence arched,  
And walled with sacrifice,

Were through the States to Canada.  
Brave men of strength and might  
Existed then, and women too,  
Who ran the trains at night.

•

The motion slow and toilsome was,  
The engine peril-shod.  
The crew and dark-faced passengers  
Together trusted God,

Their only beacon His north star,  
Their acme liberty,  
Their fear the coiling serpent's length  
That reached persistently.

The darkness stilled, the light succeeds :  
The tunnels, rent in twain  
By rifts of sunshine on their walls,  
Will never close again.

The slavery serpent, where it basked,  
Has hushed its breath, to feel  
Its hydra head and body crushed  
Beneath a Nation's heel.

The under-ground has memories left,  
And some that linger here  
I'll pause to lift : the track's old friends  
Perchance may hold them dear.

#### THE STATION-HOUSE.

STILL close beneath the forest trees,  
And at the highway's cross,  
The old house sits, its antique hat  
Half hid by clinging moss.

Its empty arms akimbo rest  
Upon its useless form,  
For long ago the dark men passed  
Whom it gave shelter warm.

The watchful care it freely gave  
Is now a Nation's trust ;  
And it, with mission well fulfilled,  
Bows down to kiss the dust.

The seal of silence that was set  
Upon its long, low brow  
Has fallen off: who whispered then  
May raise their voices now.

Uncounted fugitives who paused  
Within the station free  
All made the train-connections clear,  
And passed to liberty.

The forest shadows lingering guard  
The empty station-house,  
And stoop as close as when within  
Hearts sank at stir of mouse,—

As close as quarterly meeting days,  
When gifted Friends and dear  
Had their long after-dinner talks,  
Love-harvests, four a year.

The leaves chant rituals of repose.  
The house must understand  
That sweet communion of sounds  
That sanctifies the land.

THE STATION-MASTER.

AH, well-a-day! the Lord is good.  
He makes some model men  
For every need, that, when it fades,  
We cannot see again.

They follow out His purpose sure ;  
From duty never swerve,  
Receiving not through us, but Him,  
The meed which they deserve.

The station-master staid, erect,  
Unbending will and form,  
Was truth's disciple, with a heart  
By tenderness made warm.

I see him now, as when a child  
I played about his feet,  
Go in and out, then quietly  
Take his high meeting seat.

I hear his voice, as steadily  
He reads each afternoon  
The "Anti-Slavery Standard" wide,  
"The Freeman," the "Tribune,"

And the earnest "Liberator,"  
Whose pictured heading then  
Was more to me than fugitives  
And anti-slavery men.

I feel again the weariness  
Of unschooled limb and tongue  
From trying to be good and still  
The older folk among.

I hear the runaways, that come  
As passing clouds, full oft,  
To hover round his open fire,  
Exchange their whispers soft.

I look with wonder that the clouds  
Gather and flee at night,  
And see the panorama dark  
That foreran freedom's light.

The station-master, e'er alert,  
Glad welcomed every train  
That held the banner liberty,  
And cheered it on again.

Weary, exotic passengers  
Along the under-ground  
Had not upon the peril track  
A fuller friendship found.

He never broke his freedom faith,  
And never broke his word ;  
He lived an upright, steadfast life,  
And quietude preferred.

I only was his grandchild small,  
But children see and hear ;  
For even now I seem to breathe  
The cautious atmosphere,

And, gazing warily around  
From singing grove to sky,  
I question if my older words  
Will stillness crucify.

The wild azaleas blush and blow,  
The spice-wood buds its gold,  
But they and the sweet poplar lips  
The secrets stoutly hold.

## THE PILOT.

THE pilot stanch was Dave Countee  
As turtle brown and slow,  
A powerful man, whose great face shone  
Out with a prescient glow.

A ponderous man, who knew the worth  
Of being a self-bought slave,—  
Who spent his days delivering ware,  
And could look wise or grave.

Who spent his nights, whene'er it chanced,  
In forwarding with care  
The fugitives from Station V  
To the next haven, where

The bright north star seemed closer,  
The chance of capture less,  
And the holy breath of freedom  
Nearer with peacefulness.

He had his books, his pottery-room,  
Freedom of form and mind ;  
He loved the abolition cause  
And his long-suffering kind.

He loved his ease, and often sat  
The quiet day of rest  
Amid the unburned earthenware,  
Grand in his Sunday vest,



Deaf unto all around him, save  
The paper wide outspread  
Beneath his broad-bowed spectacles  
And kerchief-shaded head ;

Or strode he back to Robinson's,  
Across the slumberous wood,  
To tell of perfect fruit in store  
For their crushed brotherhood.

The station-master's pilot stanch  
Sleeps long since on the lea,  
And he, we trust, from bondage all  
Is absolutely free.

The ruins gray of Robinson's hut  
Recall, as they withdraw,  
The half-run nineteenth century,  
The Christiana flaw,—

The restless, reckless passengers  
Who broke the safety code  
And drove in Southern vehicles  
Along the peril road.

#### AN INSTANCE.

THE Sabbath sun his veil of gold  
Threw up to meet the day  
And gladden the autumnal tints  
Where orchard shadows play.

He smiled to find an antique chaise  
Swept by the orchard boughs,  
And at the station stable door  
A horse beneath the mows.

When he had hid his week-day face  
A dozen hours before,  
The self-same team was farther south  
A good five leagues or more.

The long low kitchen's brow he wreathed,  
And kissed the rose and vine,  
Until the fugitives aroused  
To breathe the air divine.

Waked by the flowers and wood-birds,  
Little indeed dreamed they  
Their master slept at the Lion,  
Not half a mile away.

Wearied with chase, it was later  
When night for him was done,  
And he walked with the tavern-keeper  
Under the Uwchlan sun.

Haughtily flaunted his slave-whip,  
Tangling the Sabbath breeze,  
As he crossed our laughing threshold  
Close to the station trees ;

And firmly its owner held it,  
Taking the broad arm-chair  
My mother, with wondering welcome,  
Set for his comfort there.

“Run, children, and call your father !  
He’s just stepped out,” she said.  
Then apples fresh from the orchard  
Before the guests she spread.

Half relish and half impatience  
Flavored the fruit they ate,  
Till father, with easy motion,  
Came through the open gate

With leisurely courteous greeting.  
He never appeared in haste,  
Though he’d cleared the back door swiftly  
When they the front had faced,

To signal the low-browed station  
Danger was on the wing.  
His soul was as fair as noonday,  
With soft words blossoming.

The slave-holder told his grievance  
In terms unpicked and few ;  
It was not leisure or pleasure,  
But recovery he’d in view.

“We’ll look around,” said my father.  
“My kind and aged sire  
Does sometimes shelter travellers  
Who food and rest require.”

They found the chaise in the sunshine,  
And horse at the stable door :  
The slaves from their angry master  
Were hidden evermore.

While he aloud the station stormed  
With voice and footstep bold,  
Denouncing Abolitionists  
Unto the keeper old,

The slaves to Joshua Robinson's  
Crept after Dave Countee,  
And crouched beneath his kitchen floor  
In listening misery.

The station searched, the slaves were gone,  
And whither none there knew.  
The bliss of ignorance was fresh  
With prayer's protective dew.

The master tarried in pursuit—  
The game he reckoned near—  
Until the evening shadows striped  
The sky of golden clear.

Then, saying, "I will watch the ground,"  
He drove with horse and chaise,  
Slave-whip, and tavern-keeper bland,  
Into the gathering haze.

With reinforcements loud and strong  
He came with dawning day,  
To make a full, exacting search  
And drive his *own* away.

He'd have redress, he had the law  
And justice on his side:  
'The quaint old buildings' innocence  
In words he oft denied.

But they were still, and gave no sign  
Of what had been within.

“On !” cried the crowd, “to Robinson’s,”  
With ill-concealed chagrin.

With reckless haste to Joshua’s cot  
The angry men withdrew :  
They tore the loose boards from his floor,  
And peered each crevice through.

The master stamped, irate, delayed,  
His patience put to flight.  
The four slaves crouched with trembling fear  
’Neath corn-shocks in full sight.

They parted there, who met not then,  
He going South, they North,  
And Station V was quite content  
To lose them both henceforth.

The field that joins the woodland still  
Is sweet with psalms of spring,  
And even when the corn-leaves crisp  
I hear peace whispering.

## GOLDEN-WEDDING LINES.

6th mo. 16, 1881.

Just half a century has sped  
Since you, dear relatives, were wed,  
Since heart in heart laid trust away  
For this great golden-wedding day.

The peace of love and calm content  
Have been your happy complement ;  
The richest store that mortals claim,  
Unsullied conscience, soul, and name,  
Is yours, and Heaven's own dews descend  
Upon you as you near life's end.

In looking forward, fifty years  
Seem a long line of hopes and fears ;  
While, gazing backward, doubtless they  
Are but a fallen flower-spray.  
Time counts by blessings and by breaks ;  
The heart forgets the years, and takes  
To itself rewards and crosses,  
Numbering but its gifts and losses.

Life is the shortest, sweetest, best,  
To those whose years are happiest,  
And it is grandest unto those  
Whose days are full, until the close,

Of philanthropic, pure desire  
To crush and trample error's fire.  
God notes our each supreme endeavor,  
And counts as gain our efforts ever.

Whatever good we think or do  
Exists; and distant ages through  
Its impress falls as mellowing lines  
On fruit whose ripeness Time divines.

Life at its longest day is brief:  
The most we garner a slight sheaf.  
To you, dear friends, the sunset hours  
Are full of pleasant thoughts and flowers.  
Your children and their children come  
Laden with blessings to your home,  
While distant relatives resound  
Echoes of love, and joys abound.

This marriage-day's bright band of gold  
We trust may yet a diamond hold.  
The Lord who grants these settings rare  
Protect you with His fondest care!

## THE WORLD'S LAW.

Is he gifted, is he famous?  
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.  
Has he talents? be blasphemous;  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Never give full due to honor,  
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.  
Have an "if" and "but" for counsellor;  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Be his soul as snow untinted,  
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.  
And have it by slander dinted;  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Be the life above reproaches,  
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.  
Drag it down where ill encroaches;  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

Be the man in power beyond us,  
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.  
His uprising would despond us,  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.



Pull him down, and down forever ;  
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.  
Let him stand erect, no, never !  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

All the years he is depending,  
Pick a flaw, pick a flaw.  
Only laud his soul ascending ;  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

When no more it matters to him,  
Rest a flaw, rest a flaw,  
And pile up the honor due him ;  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

O'er his grave fan fame to blazes ;  
Rest a flaw, rest a flaw.  
Heap to monument his praises ;  
'Tis the law, 'tis the law.

---

*A MEMORY BALLAD.*

SHE passed a beggar on the street  
Most wretched, halt, and blind ;  
She gathered up her silken skirts  
And left him soon behind.

Again she passed, another day ;  
He asked for money, food ;  
She closed her heart and closed her purse,  
And scarcely understood.

And still again he crossed her way,  
Or rather she crossed his :  
He said, "O lady! can you tell  
Where any water is?"

So proud she tossed her little head,  
And answered not a word,  
The beggar sighed, and thought her deaf ;  
But angels knew she heard.

That night, when after opera  
The carriage bore her home  
To her palatial residence  
In midnight glare and gloam,

She saw upon the marble steps  
A haggard form and white ;  
A glance,—it was the beggar, dead ;  
She screamed in her affright.

"Oh, how can I get in? get in?"  
She wrung her hands in vain.  
"Step over me!" a voice replied,  
And silence fell like pain.

"Step over me! step over me!"  
She hears the echo still,  
As though the form forever laid  
Before her by God's will.

## LIFE'S APRIL DAY.

ALL smiles and tears, and hopes and fears,  
Are anchored close together ;  
The mortal heart seems but a part  
Of April's captious weather.

Hours come and go of joy and woe ;  
Our smiles and tears are blended ;  
Our wildest fears at last hope nears,  
And keeps them well attended.

While dreary clouds the world enshroud,  
The sunshine hovers over ;  
And oft the rain, though dark with pain,  
Doth some new bloom discover,—

Some blossom sweet the gold and heat  
Had failed to give perfection,—  
Some grace of mind relieved to find,  
Though late, its true direction.

Speed smiles and tears, speed hopes and fears,  
Expand our best emotions,  
Dissolve all doubt, and blossom out  
To Heaven our soul's devotion.

## COMPASSIONATE.

THE mother died, and the father lifted  
His two-year daughter up  
To kiss the lips that had been to them  
Affection's fullest cup.

The cup was empty, and cold its edge  
As marble's snowy brim ;  
The wreath of roses that bound it once  
Was pale as lilies dim.

The child stooped down for her loving draught  
With hungry, trustful heart,  
Then wondering eyes to her father turned :  
“ Mamma don't kiss her part ! ”

Strong and warm were the arms that pressed  
The startled child within ;  
Dire was the anguish that filled the breast  
Beneath the quivering chin.

Some cup is every moment drained  
By hands invisible,  
Some lily for the rose exchanged  
By the omniscient will.

We each grieve over an empty cup  
With thirsting lip and soul.  
Who loses the draught of mother-love  
Loses more than the whole.

## ALONE.

THE lights are out, and the darkness  
Creeps over the wooded hill,  
Pausing to rest in the valley,  
Where I am alone and still.

It nestles closer and closer,  
Filling my empty arms,  
As though it would fain be gathered  
Safe from its own alarms.

Lullaby, hush thee, darkness !  
Close on my bosom here ;  
Rest till thy wings be strengthened  
For flight when day appear !

Lullaby, hush thee, darkness !  
Close with me thine eyes,  
For sight is blind, and stillness  
Falls from the dewless skies.

Alone ! hush, hush thee, darkness !  
The air grows warm with sound ;  
Some sweet mysterious presence  
Our refuge here has found.

*DEAD DRUNK.*

Lullaby, wakening darkness !  
What are the stars to thee ?  
Turning thou disturbest the spell  
Thy presence brought to me.

Are they thy bright-eyed daughters,  
Touching with smiles thy rest ?  
Winning with golden glances  
Thee from my longing breast ?

Lullaby ! lullaby ! lullaby !  
Ah ! but thou wilt not stay :  
I gathered thee in from the hill-side,  
Now thou hast flown away.

'Tis thus we hush and lullaby  
Forms that we may not hold :  
Thus even darkness has lovers :  
We are alone on the wold.

---

*DEAD DRUNK.*

I HEARD the words and a jeering laugh ;  
I looked, and a youthful form  
Across my pathway lay stretched and still,  
Its life-pulse beating warm.

And this was a man ! I paused to think,  
Ah, where was the manhood then ?  
It was warped with lethargy, strangled  
With rum, which numbs the souls of men.

He had a mother, a wife, a child ;  
Unto him was Fortune kind ;  
Rich blessings trailed about his steps  
And fain had round him twined.

His heart was good, but his courage weak,  
And strong drink bore him down,  
Inch by inch, till it laid him low  
At the feet of the busy town.

And should we pass this drunken sleep  
With only a careless word,  
Deaf to the groan of a chained-down soul  
The living God has heard ?

Should we let the poison-cup pass round  
A land that is ours in trust,  
Till it blights and drags dear human-kind  
Grovvelling into the dust ?

Shall we, when God in His own good time  
Asks our brother at our hand ;  
Reply, " I am not his keeper, Lord,  
He is dead drunk on the sand " ?

## THE VERNAL DAWN.

THE air is full of hopes  
And presages of bloom.  
The supplicating hands  
Which through the winter's gloom,  
The forest grim and gaunt,  
Stretched, asking raiment, droop  
Laden with promises.  
All beauty seems to group  
And strew earth's lap and brow  
With wreaths of prophecy.

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## MIRIAM.

ALL the evenings long and chilly,  
Where the fire-light crept so stilly,  
Miriam's waxen fingers knitted,  
And the poor were benefited.  
Click, click, click, the needles said,  
Bright warm yarn their motion fed.  
Miriam fair,  
Everywhere  
Poor need care !



Knitting, knitting, silent measure,  
Miriam with demure pleasure  
Watched the mittens shapely growing,  
Thoughts benevolent bestowing.  
Click, click, click, the needles said,  
While she bent her graceful head.

Miriam fair,  
Everywhere  
Poor need care.

Poverty my life encumbered  
While the maid her stitches numbered.  
Poverty my heart was aching,  
Restless, and to weird fears waking.  
Click, click, click, the needles said,  
Fast, yet slow, the winter sped.

Miriam fair,  
Everywhere  
Poor need care.

Earth hath donned her robes of splendor,  
Snows to bloom make glad surrender.  
Miriam's mittens all are finished  
And my dread of them diminished.  
Click, click, click, the needles said,  
Now she softly speaks, instead.

Miriam's care  
Everywhere  
I now share.

## IN THE WOOD.

NATURE, I partake your mood,  
Dream amid the solitude  
Of the white-capped summer wood.

Take me in your lap awhile,  
Mother Nature, and beguile  
All my burdens to a smile.

Fan the tresses from my face ;  
Rest me in your soft embrace,  
Creature I of unknown space.

Sing me for the sultry day  
Your most winsome virelay,  
Olden, sweet, and care estray.

Respite give, and perfect ease,  
Till I feel, alike these trees,  
Only God is mine to please.

Let me dream the builder's dream,—  
Grow my castles by the stream,  
Amethyst from sill to beam.

Reach their spires to purple skies ;  
Let those foam-clad clouds disguise  
Stairways by which angels rise.

Foot-sore am I, early worn,  
Closely of all blessings shorn,  
Bearing ills that must be borne.

Weary am I of the way,  
Yet with perfect faith I pray,  
Mother Nature, lest I stray.

Lead me by your teachings grand,  
Counsel that I understand,  
How to reach the Lord's right hand.

Can I climb my stair of dreams  
Up to where the amber gleams  
And the love of Christ redeems ?

Rock me, Nature, let me be  
Resting with you peacefully,  
Yearning babe upon your knee.

I have failed to stand alone ;  
Let humility atone  
For the pride I may have shown.

Lullabies are tender sweet,  
Mother Nature, you repeat,  
And my pulses slower beat,—

Slower, till I think I hear,  
Echoing through the wood and weir,  
Choruses of angel cheer.

How they rest me !—let me rise !  
Earth is near, so near the skies,  
And my pathway clearer lies.

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## THE COLOR OF FIRE.

BESIDE the grate two bachelors  
Sat, toasting gouty toes.  
They groaned and laughed in concert notes,  
Till this dispute arose :  
“The flame laps with her yellow tongue  
The air. How soft it grows !”  
Said Number One. “I feel relieved  
To have it kiss my toes.”

“Humph ! Yellow tongue ! Poetical,  
For gouty man, you seem.  
The fire is red, dear Michael, red :  
You have a color dream.”  
“Oh, fudge and fume !” quoth Number One ;  
“You’re wrong in the extreme.  
Why, all the yellow saffron dyes  
Among these heaped coals gleam.

“The lady fire snaps yellow eyes  
And tosses yellow hair,  
Her breath is golden, and her smile  
Is yellow : so beware !”

“Ha ! ha ! Michael, your color dream  
Doth your good sight impair ;  
The widow binds with yellow braids  
Your fancy in a snare,

“And yellow, yellow everything  
Looks to your gilded eyes.  
There ! there ! you need not open them  
In such well-feigned surprise.”

“Fudge ! folly ! Peter, how you talk,  
And all truth stigmatize !  
You call the widow yellow,—humph !  
I’d land you in the skies,

“But for this gouty, gouty foot.  
Oh, dear, what shall I do  
To prove the measure of contempt  
I entertain for you ?”

“Hold easy, easy, Michael, man,  
Nor take distorted view :  
I saw your foot move half an inch  
To put that sentence through.

“The fire is red,—of course it is !  
The widow’s locks—why, they  
Were yellow ; but, my dear old friend,  
They will be—now are—gray.”

Poor Number One ! his passion-height  
The limbs could not obey :  
What should be understandings were  
But helpless pets of clay.

He groaned, " I do not care a whit  
For color of the fire ;  
But when you drag the widow in  
I recompense require.  
My arms are stronger than your words,  
And you their strength inspire."  
Thwack ! " How you writhe ! Ay, gout is sore,  
And should not waken ire."

---

## N I A G A R A.

PUREST, wildest, greenest river,  
Flashing onward to deliver  
Silver wealth from lake to lake,  
Leaping with impatient motion,—  
Do you dream the mother ocean  
Wants you, or her heart will break ?  
Restless, dashing,  
Sunbeam-splashing,  
Nation's pet, Niagara.

Wild your waters toss and tumble ;  
Over crags you laugh and stumble  
Miles and miles above the Fall,

While your arms encircling gather  
 Lovely islands, choosing rather  
     Hasty kiss than none at all.  
         Gleeful, dashing,  
         Splashing, flashing,  
         Nation's pride, Niagara.

Rushing, flushing, roaring, singing,  
 Then adown the abyss swinging,  
     Glory, fulness, mist and shine.  
 Witching, wilful, wondrous river,  
 Toast of Nature to the Giver  
     Of sublimity divine.  
         Dashing, pouring,  
         Tumbling, roaring,  
         Nation's grand Niagara.

Laden with the dew of gladness,  
 Quickened breath of gleeful madness,  
     To the peaceful boundary air ;  
 Then more quietly you rumble,  
 As you catch your breath and mumble  
     Rippling snatch of thanks and prayer.  
         Leaping, dancing,  
         Tossing, prancing,  
         Nation's pet, Niagara.

Skiping, slipping, gliding, sliding,  
 To the rocky heights dividing  
     Like a canyon shore and shore ;

Here your wildest laughter spending,  
Whirlpool Rapids, bending, blending  
Spray and music evermore.  
Tossing, foaming,  
Playful, roaming,  
Nation's pet, Niagara.

Fluttering, rushing, singing, roaring,  
Chlorophyl and silver pouring  
Down the wayward, rugged steep,  
Liberated grandeur dancing,  
And for evermore advancing  
To the silence of the deep.  
Unique, glorious,  
Sprite victorious,  
Nation's pride, Niagara.

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## A CHANGELESS PICTURE.

EIGHTEEN times the satin chestnuts  
From their velvet coaches sprung ;  
Eighteen times the red October  
Hid them her bright folds among ;  
Eighteen times,—and yet the picture  
Bright on memory's wall has hung.



It was painted in gay school days  
On the canvas of my heart ;  
And the faces best beloved  
On the foreground sit apart.  
All the freshness of the coloring  
Is preserved with unique art.

Eighteen times the snows have blossomed  
Since my picture perfect grew ;  
Eighteen times, and some stray petals  
May have fallen, friends, on you ;  
But you're changeless in my picture,  
And the old school vows are true.

Some of you, I hear, are famous :  
Take my blessing as you go.  
Some have early lain to slumber,  
For the good Lord willed it so ;  
Some are plying oars unceasing,  
Some with currents drifting slow ;

Still you're mine within the picture,—  
Faces dear and faces fair ;  
Halos of eternal freshness  
Gathered are about you there.  
Power of living, loving, dying,  
Keep the souls within thy care !

## PERIWINKLE.

NESTLING matted leaves among, Periwinkle,  
Making beautiful the ground, Periwinkle,  
How thy glossy leaves are found, Periwinkle,  
Shining in the lawn and wild, Periwinkle.

Creeping, an enchanted vine, Periwinkle,  
In thy unaffected pride, Periwinkle,  
Gaining lovers far and wide, Periwinkle,  
For thy fairy groups of bloom, Periwinkle.

Nestle, creep, and never climb, Periwinkle,  
Fond companion of the moss, Periwinkle,  
As we pass our skirts emboss, Periwinkle,  
With humility's content, Periwinkle.

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## THE DONKEY'S PLAYMATES.

Up and down a Denver street,  
With solemn pace and slow,  
The children rode a donkey gray,  
Only a month ago.

They rode by turns. The troop who walked  
Shared all the rider's glee.  
The donkey they thought the dearest thing  
That ever a donk' could be.

They petted, caressed him, kissed his face,  
And honored his least desire ;  
Until he paused and tossed them off  
As signal to retire.

The donkey rests, the children rest,  
For night comes on alway.  
The breath of evening scattered those  
Who had the happy day.

Our dreamers on Atlantic coast  
Toss in their sleep and smile,  
And whisper, "Donkey, donkey dear,  
Let Georgie ride awhile."

Ah, day, return ! Ah, future, hush  
The motion of thy wings !  
Two Denver playmates, Georgies both,  
Have gone from earthly things.

## THE CHOPPING-BLOCK.

“JUST move the block this morning, dear ;  
’Twill more convenient be  
To have it here beside the gate,  
Beneath the apple-tree.

“I tire of carrying wood so far,  
There from the distant end ;  
Full half the steps we take ’twould save  
If moved, you may depend !”

No move or answer gained the wife  
To this her free advice ;  
The thudding chop went on the same,  
As though she spoke not twice.

“Say, don’t you think, my dear, ’twould be  
Better to cut wood here  
Than there, a half a mile away ?—  
What makes you be so queer ?”

The axe rose higher, heavier fell,  
The frown crept lower down ;  
“The block’s best here !” he grunted out ;  
“Your voice would storm a town.”

“I’d storm not what I could not take,”

She inwardly resolved.

“If I spoke quick, I still was right,

And that my haste absolved.

“But I forgot, most sad for me,

The lesson early learned,

That only by a honeyed wand

Can stubborn men be turned.”

Then to the house the strategist

Came, and a winsome lay

Fell from her lips, dashed through the air,

And brushed his frown away.

With careful skill she rolled the dough,

And turned it into pies,

Crimped near the edge, to keep within

The fruit that gratifies.

“How many pies, my dearest dear,

Had I best make this morn?

And would you like some custards, love,

While working in the corn?”

A voice more sweet could scarcely be

Than spoke these inquiries;

Almost as sweet the one replied,

“Make, dear, just what you please.”

“Oh, no, I have no will at all,

But that which is your own;

You know, my dear, I live for you,

And simply you, alone.”

A kiss somehow lodged on the breeze ;  
The chopping-block moved place ;  
The little wife resumed her toil,  
And brighter was her face.

And brighter too the face of him,  
Who, later, 'mid the corn,  
With harrow turns out noisome weeds  
Before they seed have borne.

“Man is the power within, without,”  
He muses as he walks ;  
“The rightful head of house and farm,  
Naught his dominion balks.”

There's blessed bliss in ignorance,  
Controlling or controlled ;  
For he who thinks he ruleth most  
Is oftenest cajoled.

A honeyed wand is ever best  
For driving whom you will :  
The head of house is driven not,  
Indeed, I know,—but still—

---

## THANKSGIVING.

SUMMER has fled, her flowers are dead,  
The winter waits at autumn's gates,  
With snowy pall to shroud them all.

Brief are the days of November haze ;  
The sun sleeps long, for there's no bird-song  
His rest to break with its sweet "awake !"

Brown is the grass that we crush and pass,  
Brown are the leaves that drop from the eaves  
Of gold-roofed trees at touch of the breeze.

Where frost stepped down there are footprints brown  
That the sun and rain will wash in vain,—  
But the spring will come with its joyful hum,

The smile of God will bright the sod,  
The frost and snow into beauty blow.  
Blesséd are we that we should see

Such marvels here from year to year.  
Thrice blessed we'd be, could we perfectly  
Read what is writ as the seasons flit,

And mark the days with grateful praise.  
Thanksgiving then in the hearts of men  
Would endless be as eternity.

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## THE HARVEST KISS.

THE kiss you gave me last year  
On the load of hay,  
I never shall forget, dear,  
Till my dying day.

The fields were bare, you know, then,  
That load was the last.

The sunset sky it blushed when  
Pageant day had passed.

The harvesters rejoiced, dear,  
In their labor done.

I scarcely heard their loud cheer :  
I my love had won.

Far up amid the twilight,  
Where the stars awake,  
I clasped you as a tryst-right,  
My first kiss to take.

And now I come again, dear,  
When the harvest's o'er.  
The kiss you gave me last year  
Waits, my love, for more.

## THE AMERICAN TOURIST'S LESSON.

THE prairie's crossed ; the West is East ;  
The old Atlantic band  
Of Puritans have spread their wings  
And covered all the land.

The silent places wake with song :  
The plains and mountains wide  
Are dotted o'er with pleasant nests,  
Where builders, twitterers, hide.



The eagle on Glen Eyrie's wall  
Has bound her castle high,  
While man, with emulation grand,  
Has planted his close by.

The tents, like fallen feathers, bright  
The Rocky Mountain Parks.  
The tourists nestle, roam, and glide  
About the canyon darks.

The West a faded myth becomes,  
A vision of the past.  
There only is the East, the East,  
We've learned by rote at last.

In cabin, tent, on mount and plain,  
Where birds of passage meet,  
There ever is the same refrain  
With cordial smile replete :

"The East, the East ! we're from the East !"  
They chant it every one,  
Until we marvel that like clouds  
Men chase the setting sun.

One day, when, weary, sore of flight  
Adown the Pike's Peak trail,  
We paused for shelter in a cot,  
Rude, comfortless, and frail,

A woman weather-beaten, kind,  
Warned us with fire and smile.  
"I'm from away down East," she said,  
"And only stop awhile."

Our homesick hearts with quickened bound  
Inquired her native State ;  
She said, " Missouri," and she sobbed,  
" The distance is so great !"

With melting pity we recalled  
A group we earlier met,  
Who told us to the " distant East"  
Their thoughts kept turning yet.

Their sighed-for East was Kansas fair.  
In Utah, just beyond,  
The Rocky Mountains were the East ;  
So we the lesson conned :

The prairies, plains, and mountains crossed,  
We touch Pacific shore,  
But we have crossed the East, the East ;  
The West goes on before.

---

## LOST MUSIC.

CLATTERING, clattering,  
Falls the wheat pattering  
Into the hoppers old.  
Then up it goes jolting,  
Down it comes bolting,  
And the warm flour is sold.

Clattering, clattering,  
Grinding and pattering,  
    Notes that are lost on me.  
The mill keeps repeating  
Its musical greeting,  
    The water-wheel dances free.

Only the clattering  
Seems a mock chattering  
    Of the sweet tinkling past,  
And e'en the corn breaking  
With heavy bass quaking,  
    Falls on me dumb at last.

Clattering, clattering,  
Tinkling and pattering.  
    Oh for the early days  
When we milled together,  
And I wondered whether  
    Fairest was wheat or maize !

---

THE STRAWBERRY TRYST.

THE field was broad, and the strawberries sweet,  
That hung where wind and sunshine meet.  
They parted the grass with fingers fair,  
And gathered the strawberries red with care :  
They parted the grass, and their fingers grew  
Scarlet with strawberry blood or dew.

With well-filled baskets from parted grass,  
They sit to rest where the shadows pass.  
The oak and the elm tree tinge the air,  
The lark and the oriole's notes are there.  
The boscase bows to the dream of bees  
And listens to catch their melodies.

The boscase bows, and the strawberry maid,  
Lulled by the musical breath of shade,  
Forgets the thorn in her finger-tip,  
The badge of her strawberry workmanship,  
Till all at once, with a wave of pain,  
The brier its presence betrays again.

The strawberry youth is tender and strong,  
He plucks from her hand the wee brier throng,  
Into his own flesh pressing it deep :  
“ A strawberry souvenir,” he sighs, “ to keep.”  
Sorrowful eyes, melodious shade,  
Love for love breathes the strawberry maid.

---

### THE EMPTY SWING.

FORWARD and back, forward and back,  
Under the apple-tree,  
May wind pushes an empty seat  
With careless hand and free.

The blushing bloom, the blossom snow,  
Is drifting round the swing ;  
The children fair, whose place is there,  
Are low with suffering.

A dire disease encompassed them ;  
They struggle it to pass,  
That little feet may swing again  
Above the orchard grass.

Mockery seems the floral day,  
With all her choral train ;  
Mockery seems the golden breeze  
That leaves them only pain.

The empty, empty, empty swing,  
That tosses to and fro,  
The cruellest mockery seems of all  
Amid the blossom snow.

We tearful from the May world turn  
To cool each fevered brow,  
And pray with fervency of heart  
To hope, to bear, to bow.

---

*IN THE MEADOW.*

BUTTERCUPS nod in the meadow  
Mid bloom of fairer hue,  
'The grass in green, green fringes  
Is headed with violets blue.

The sparkling stream in the meadow  
Dances a gladsome tune,  
And the birds in the water willow  
Chirp to the frogs of June.

Two little boys, human blossoms,  
Sit by the rippling stream,  
With fishing-rods over the water,  
Hooks where no fish may dream.

One bobbin a-quiver goes under,  
Quick hands toss up the rod,  
And a glittering sun-fish panting  
Lies where buttercups nod.

Another rod's up; a sly nibble  
Left but the naked hook;  
A new worm's life must be taken  
To cover the ugly crook.

"I think," utters six-year, while baiting,  
"That worms don't have much fun.  
It's queer why God, when He made them,  
Gave them no feet to run."

"It's no more fun to be fish than worm,"  
Remarks the active eight,  
"And how, Vickers, would we get the fish  
If we had no worms for bait?"

"I don't know,—but it seems to me  
A pity to hurt such things;  
They are so nice, and they don't complain,  
None of 'em bites or stings."

The fishing-tackle fell on the grass ;  
Vickers, with thoughtful air,  
His chin on his palm, said musingly,  
“ I wonder if God will care ? ”

I wonder, my little philosopher.  
Ah ! older heads than thine  
Have rested 'mid beauty, and questioned  
If they wrought God's design.

---

## AUTUMN COLOR.

Out in the browning grass-field,  
Under the chestnut-tree,  
The wind throws satin wonders  
Down to the children three.

He whistles and sings, the north wind,  
His notes are gay and free.  
He must be thinking of Christmas,  
Up in the chestnut-tree.

Three “ Red Riding-Hood ” children  
Catch the tune, you see ;  
If not—they catch the chestnuts  
Under the grand old tree.

Brown little hands close grasp them,  
 Voices are full of glee ;  
 Pockets no longer slender  
 Shine through the dresses three.

Light fairies crowned with scarlet,  
 The maidens,—oh, dear me !  
 They turn their faces toward me  
 And laugh out merrily.

Brown, brown, brown are the faces,  
 Bright as the nuts I see.  
 Dame Nature brands the races,  
 Marking them carefully.

Brown is the autumn color.  
 Dark little children three,  
 Ye are Ethiop fairies  
 Under the chestnut-tree.

---

## THE RAIN OF SEPARATION AND THE BOW.

'Twas the high noon of the year,  
 A glorious summer twilight,  
                   When we parted,  
 But the purple air seemed drear ;  
 We were blind to all the cheer,  
                   Broken-hearted.



Our life-paths must divide,  
That our separate tasks be done,  
Or endeavored.  
Trees that spring up side by side  
Are transplanted far and wide,  
Families severed.

Every tree, that it expand,  
Must have sun, and time, and space,  
To perfect in.  
Every life alone must stand,  
That its strength attain command  
To effect in.

All the love that e'er has been,  
All the tender yearning care  
Souls can measure,  
Cannot save our dearest kin  
From the troublous waves, or win  
For them pleasure.

Prayerful, patient faith provides  
All the safeguard we possess  
For each other.  
Individual act decides  
Whether we can stem the tides,  
Not our brother.

---

New delight dissolves our tears,  
And caresses them to smiles,  
Gloom is blighted.

We may meet—the misty years  
Are transfigured ; clouds and fears  
Rainbow-lighted.

### A MID-DAY BATTLE NOTE.

THE days are hot, and the days are cold,  
But the battle for life goes on.  
We press to the front, with scars untold,  
And the victory barely won.

We press to the front and hold our own,  
By effort and God's sweet grace,  
While the sun and shadow have softly thrown  
Age lines into beauty's place.

The poet may sing, the yeoman plough,  
The philosopher rub his stone,  
We are warm with sympathy, yet somehow  
We must fight our battle alone.

For life is double within, without,  
With scars and with blossoms fair,  
And we are alone, though compassed about  
With a wealth of love and care.

Each cry for strength and each prayer of thanks  
Must peal from our inmost soul,  
If it reach the Lord of the battle ranks  
As the tides of action roll.

There is no rest, and no grand discharge,  
But we fall out one by one,  
Receiving our pensions, small or large,  
According to service done.

---

## EXULTATION.

A CHESTER HEIGHTS HYMN.\*

I AM saved ! the Lord hath saved me !  
Help me shout the glorious news !  
I have tasted God's salvation,  
And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.

Loud I sing my exultation,  
Hoping it will reach the skies.  
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever  
Under Thy protecting eyes !

When at last my days are gathered  
Into Thy great judgment one,  
May I find my name deep written  
In the records of the Son.

---

\* Set to music by Prof. Sweney.

Bless the Lord, that His salvation  
Came to us through Christ's pure love ;  
Bless Him that He Jesus loaned us  
From His Golden Courts above.

Free salvation ! glad salvation !  
Let us shout from pole to pole,  
Until each diseaséd nation  
Feels that God hath made it whole.

### THE SUNSHINE.

I WAS slumbering in the meadow,  
At the streamlet's pearly feet,  
Where the trailing willow shadow  
Kissed the breeze and made it sweet ;  
And the sunshine yellow,  
With his breath so mellow,  
Touched me there.  
Close beside me kneeled he ;  
God's great love revealed he,  
And His care.

I was clambering up the mountain,  
And the way was rugged, steep,  
While the sky's outpouring fountain  
Lashed and groaned to reach the deep ;

But the sunshine yellow,  
With his breath so mellow,  
    Touched me there.  
Close beside me kneeled he ;  
God's great love revealed he,  
    And His care.

I was over, through, and under  
    Valley, ocean, hill, and plain ;  
I was bowed with grief and wonder—  
    But the brightness came again ;  
    For the sunshine yellow,  
    With his breath so mellow,  
        Touched me there.  
Close beside me kneeled he ;  
God's great love revealed he  
    Everywhere.

---

### THE NEW-YEAR'S RIDE.

THE sun rose bright that New-Year's day,  
And Uncle Goodwin's family sleigh  
Was at the gate. The robes and bricks  
Made comfort for the load of six.

Now, Harry, uncle's oldest son,  
A pony had that liked to run :  
This pony Harry wished to ride  
And keep his father's team beside.

The snow was smooth, the horses gay,  
The bright load dashed along its way.  
Harry, upon his pony black,  
Kept close within the sleigh's crisp track,

Over the prairie broad and clear,  
Until Madge exclaimed, "We're here!"  
And loving Grandpa, at the gate,  
Called, "Happy New Year! Children, wait."

Out he lifted them one and all,—  
Jack, May, and Madge, and baby small,  
While Aunt and Uncle laughed to see  
Dear Grandpa hugged so merrily.

"Ho, Harry boy, a pony! why,  
The coal-black racer takes my eye!  
Get off, my son! You're quite a man."  
To see his pony then Grandma ran.

And such a time they had that day,  
The gifts, the dinner, the jolly play;  
I can't tell half, but you folks know  
Who to your grandpa's New-Years' go.

Just as turkey was served to all,  
New flakes of snow began to fall:  
"The good old lady in the sky  
Is picking geese, the feathers fly,"

Said Uncle Goodwin. "I declare,  
To-morrow must be New Year's there,"  
Laughed Madge, "and goose their feast:  
I'd rather be down here at least."

These good days cannot always last,  
And this one's close came all too fast.  
At four o'clock the family sleigh  
Was packed again, and sped away.

"Harry," said Uncle, "mount, and keep  
Close, for the snow is growing deep."  
"Yes," called Harry, "I'll do quite well.  
Good-by, Grandpa, Grandma, and Bell."

He tied his scarf in a jaunty bow,  
Touched his hat, and said, "Coaly, go!"  
Across the plain so soft and white  
He rode, and soon was out of sight.

The flakes fell fast, the fierce wind blew;  
Coaly plodded the white depth through  
Slowly, for now the track was lost,  
And only drifts the prairie crossed.

The jingling bells were far away,  
And Harry was lost that New-Year's day.  
On, on he went till night was near,  
Cold and tired, and filled with fear.

What do you think he saw at last,  
When hope and strength were failing fast?  
Lit by a gleam in the winter sky,  
Far ahead he could descry

Grandpa's house with its snowy dome.  
"I wonder," thought Harry, "if this is home."  
The knowing pony increased his pace,  
And found the end of his circling race.

Such a ride was the New-Year's ride.  
Harry was soon at Grandpa's side,  
Declaring, as he does to this day,  
"I cannot see how we lost the way."

---

### A NATIONAL DIRGE.

James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, died  
from the effect of an assassin's bullet, September 19, 1881.

HE is dead ; the nation weeps,  
He is dead, dead, dead.  
Worn with pain, at last he sleeps ;  
He is dead, dead, dead.

Faithful hands may still their care,  
He is dead, dead, dead.  
Mourning hearts are everywhere,  
He is dead, dead, dead.

Snapped our cord of hopes and fears,  
He is dead, dead, dead.  
Tears and crape, and crape and tears ;  
He is dead, dead, dead.

Sobbing break the prayers half said,—  
He is dead, dead, dead.  
Freely we had died instead.  
He is dead, dead, dead.



He, our loved, our pure, our lost,  
He is dead, dead, dead.  
The green land is shadow-crossed,  
He is dead, dead, dead.

Heavy night winds toss and sigh  
He is dead, dead, dead.  
Mercy's angel passed us by,  
He is dead, dead, dead.

Life too grand for mortal hold ;  
He is dead, dead, dead.  
Gathered to a Safer Fold,  
While we wail him dead, dead.

September 21, 1881.

THE END.

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